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NUMBER 5950

A BOL STAND AGAINST EXISTING EVILS.

REV. J. H. SHORE'S STRONG SERMON SUNDAY NIGHT.

Says Officers Do Not Enforce Prohibition Laws and Church Members Responsible.

The sermon Sunday night by Rev. J. H. Shore, in Jarvis Memorial Methodist church, from the subject, "A Man Wanted," was one of the strongest that the people of Greenville have ever heard. Mr. Shore said that God was looking for a man to stand in the gap that was being made by negroes and a few low down white men in Greenville, and unless a man could be found the conditions in Greenville would be even worse than they are now. That the voters of Greenville elected men as aldermen who were in sympathy with the prohibition law, so would not try to enforce it. The responsibility was placed upon the church members, who did not live up to their profession, that they could elect the right kind of men if they desired to do so. That the progress of the world was marked with wide stones made by men whom God had found who would stand in the gap made by sin.

"How can the prohibition laws be enforced in any town, whose mayor, aldermen and policemen are on the side of whiskey, and do not exert themselves to stop the sale of it?" was one of the clinching questions the minister asked. He said that on Saturday night he was run against by a man who was so drunk that he should not have been allowed on the streets, yet that drunken man was not taken in charge by an officer. He said that he had also been reliably informed that on a recent Saturday night in Greenville, several young men came out of a place where near-beer is sold, and they were so drunk that they could not go home. You find the same class of men hanging around the near-beer places who were formerly seen around the bar rooms.

Mr. Shore also referred to numerous social evils existing in Greenville, and said the responsibility for these rested largely upon the homes. Parents have little knowledge of their children and the company they keep, and that they failed to instruct their children in the teachings of the Scriptures. He expressed the opinion that there were very few family altars in Greenville. Parents are responsible for this, and God will hold them accountable for it.

A large congregation heard this sermon, and Mr. Shore gave them something to ponder over.

MEN ENTOMBED IN MINE.

Futile Efforts of Rescuers to Reach Them.

By Wire to The Reflector.
Starkville, Col., Oct. 10.—More than one hundred miners today are still risking their lives in an apparently futile hope of rescuing sixty comrades from death in the Starkville mine where they are buried under tons of coal. Of the men in the mine ten are Americans. One rescuing party which penetrated the pit for more than a mile was driven back by after damp and many of them had to be rescued.

ANOTHER AVIATOR FALLS.

Tumbles 150 Feet and Machine is Demolished.

By Wire to The Reflector.
Chicago, Oct. 10.—Aviator Ely's aeroplane demolished and Ely was injured when his machine fell with him from a height of 150 feet near Gresham this morning. Ely had resumed his Chicago-New York flight, following an accident yesterday. He was in the air only a minute and a half, and had flown about four city blocks.

FIRE IN WILSON.

Prize House and Eight Residences Destroyed.

By Wire to The Reflector.
Wilson, N. C., Oct. 8.—Fire early this morning destroyed the Woodard prize and eight small dwellings, and damaged several other buildings, and many bales of cotton. Fifty people were rendered homeless. The damage is about \$3,000.

NORTH CAROLINA NEWS.

Gathered From Our Exchanges Today of Events Just Happened.

Greensboro, Oct. 8.—Solomon N. Cone, a member of the millionaire family of that name which controls vast industrial interests throughout the South and a member of the New York, Liverpool and New Orleans cotton exchanges, was found unconscious in his bachelor apartments at 8 o'clock this morning with blood streaming from a bullet wound behind his left ear and a revolver in his right hand. From all indications his condition was the result of an attempt to commit suicide, though his intimate friends are of the opinion that the pistol was discharged accidentally, they declaring that there was no reason for an attempt upon his life. It is rumored that he was heavily involved as a result of recent dealings in spot cotton, but his associates refuse to affirm or deny this, or any of the hundreds of rumors or theories that have been advanced.

On Mr. W. F. Sutton's place Wednesday six hands picked out over 1500 pounds of cotton. One picked 345 pounds and another 355 pounds.—La Grange Sentinel.

GREAT FOREST FIRE.

Raging on Both Sides of the Canadian Border.

By Wire to The Reflector.
Winnipeg, Man., Oct. 10.—Fear grew this afternoon that one hundred or more lives had been lost in the great forest fires which have wiped out half a dozen small towns and villages in northern Minnesota and southern Ontario. It was reported that 5,000 persons, 3,000 of them refugees, were trapped in Rainy River and many of them perished when the flames swept over the town. About one hundred square miles of territory this afternoon was girdled and swept by walls of flames.

U. S. SUPREME COURT.

Meets For Fall Term—Justice Hughes Takes Oath.

By Wire to The Reflector.
Washington, Oct. 10.—After a recess of more than four months, with Associate Justice Harlan acting as chief justice, the Supreme court of the United States met at noon today for the fall term, and of respect to the memory of Chief Justice Fuller, the court adjourned 13 minutes. After it had been called to order the only action taken during the brief sessions was administering oaths to the new justice, Charles E. Hughes, of New York.

RACE WAR THREATENED.

Trouble Over Shooting an Officer by Negroes.

By Wire to The Reflector.
Tulsa, Okla., Oct. 10.—A race war is threatened here and in Dawson mining town, near here, as a result of the shooting and probable fatal wounding of Deputy Sheriff Charles Stanton, by one of four negroes whom he had ordered to stop shooting craps. The blacks were captured and mobs of both white and colored are forming and there is fear of an open conflict.

Suspects Held Under Bond.

By Wire to The Reflector.
New York, Oct. 10.—Pietro Tomazello and Josephine Fruscione, who are suspected in connection with the murder of Wm. L. Rice, the Cleveland millionaire, were arraigned before Magistrate Tighe, in Brooklyn and held in bond of \$3,000 each as fugitives from justice. They were held on other charges than the Rice murder, however.

Italian Ambassador Arrives.

By Wire to The Reflector.
New York, Oct. 10.—Marquis Cuffani Confalmeri, the new Italian ambassador to America, who was appointed to succeed Baron Maynor des Planches, arrived today and left immediately for Washington.

Congressman Small at Grimesland.

Congressman John H. Small will speak with the county candidates in Grimesland on next Saturday. 15th. A large crowd should be present.

NOT A QUESTION OPEN TO DEBATE.

EVIDENCE OF BUTLER'S TREACHERY IS CONCLUSIVE.

Senator Simmons Classes Butler With Benedict Arnold, and Says Why Should Democrats Debate With Him?

By Wire to The Reflector.
Raleigh, N. C. Oct. 10.—Senator F. M. Simmons was in the city last night on the way to Winston-Salem, where he speaks tomorrow night, beginning his western tour of two weeks. In speaking of Marion Butler's challenge to Democratic speakers, Senator Simmons said: "What Butler chiefly desires to discuss is whether he, in the matter of the bonds, betrayed his state. That is not an open question. The evidence of Butler's treachery to the state is as conclusive as the evidence of Benedict Arnold's treachery to the country. If Benedict Arnold were alive and here and wanted to debate the question of whether he had betrayed his country, no one would debate that question with him. Why then should any North Carolina Democrat debate with Mr. Butler the question of whether he had betrayed his state? The evidence of treachery is as conclusive in one case as in the other. It is a settled question and not a matter of debate."

R. F. BEASELEY,

Manager Literary Bureau, Democratic Headquarters.

MR. BEASELEY IS OPTIMISTIC.

Manager of Literary Bureau Expresses Delight Over Chances to Win.

Raleigh, Oct. 8.—"The campaign is going with a swing and a vim," said Mr. R. F. Beaseley, manager of the State Democratic literary bureau, this afternoon, "that is remarkable for an off year in North Carolina. The beginning of the final thirty days before the election finds the Democratic party throughout the State united and aggressive, and going with a dash that foretells increased Democratic majorities practically everywhere. Fine local tickets have been nominated in the counties, local differences have been settled, and Democrats everywhere are bucking the enemy's lines with a dash that is putting the Republicans on the defensive even in their strongholds. The weekly papers from the counties have come in full of fresh and encouraging news from the boys in the trenches. A reading of their columns confirms the opinion that the party is in full fighting trim. The encouraging news of the spread of Democratic principles over the whole country has put into the State campaign almost the interest that attaches to a presidential election. A well known North Carolinian traveling in Ohio writes Chairman Eller Democratic prospects are bright in that State, and such news coming from abroad puts enthusiasm in home ranks.

"Speakers report fine crowds and from every direction headquarters are besieged with requests for speakers. The people are anxious to hear the gospel of Democracy and wherever our candidates are able to get joint discussions, the gains are ours.

"This year marks the decadal of the overthrow of the fusion regime and the indications are that the people will celebrate it in fine shape. The feature of the week has been the utter disgust and contempt that Butler's campaign of abuse has aroused in the minds of decent people of all shades of political opinion.

"When Butler was in power we met him anywhere and everywhere, but when the people of North Carolina turned him out in disgust and contempt, we turned our backs upon him forever, and self-respecting men no longer meet him. There is abundant evidence that the Republicans are disgusted with Butler. He is the biggest load they have to carry. Butler, the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, its estimate of his pie brigade, the disaster in Maine, Massachusetts and New York, have sunk the Morehead machine to the hub, and the pulling is getting worse daily."

Matinee at Wilson.

There will be a matinee of the "Sins of the Fathers" in the Lyceum Theatre, in Wilson, on Wednesday afternoon, beginning at 2 o'clock. This will be for the convenience of people out of town who cannot be there for the night performance. Seats to the matinee will be 50 and \$1.

WINTERVILLE CORRESPONDENCE.

Items of Interest From our Hustling Neighbor, About Its People.

Winterville, N. C., Oct. 10.—Messrs. R. L. Abbott, J. L. Rollins, and Eugene Cannon, went to Ayden Wednesday night.

Mr. J. F. Oyner, the Norfolk photographer, is in Winterville and will remain for about two or three weeks.

The Bank of Winterville furnishes cashier's checks free of charge. That is the safest way to send money, and at absolutely no cost.

Mr. J. A. H. Edwards, the traveling man who was stricken with paralysis last Wednesday night, is still unconscious and is in a critical condition. His wife and father are with him and all is being done for his recovery.

Later—Mr. Edwards died early this morning, and his remains were taken by the morning train to Dunn.

If you wish to buy a cheap farm, see A. G. Cox Manufacturing Company.

The country is in a very prosperous condition now. As a proof of it, the farmers are making deposits in the Bank of Winterville for safe keeping until needed. These deposits have over doubled in the last month.

Mr. J. L. Jackson, of Greenville, spent Thursday night in town.

The Ayden Manufacturing Company are selling quite a number of box body carts and wagon boddies. This reminds us that it must be time to house corn and haul cotton to the gin.

Messrs. W. L. House, J. F. Harrington, Heber McLawhorn and Eugene Cannon, made a trip to Greenville Friday night to see the show.

Mr. A. O. Beddard is paying the highest prices for chickens and eggs. When you put up your heater, don't use old pipe, it might fire your house. A. W. Ange & Company have plenty of new pipe all sizes.

Mr. L. L. Kittrell made a special business trip to Greenville show day. Don't forget the nice buggy robes at A. W. Ange & Company's. They are cheap and good, too.

Go to Harrington, Barber & Company for your bagging and ties, reversible disc harrows and stalk cutters.

Mr. M. B. Bryan went to Greenville Friday evening.

You would save money to see Harrington, Barber & Company for hay presses.

Mr. C. T. Cox went to Greenville Friday.

The latest magazines and McCall's patterns at Harrington, Barber & Company's.

Messrs. J. R. Johnson and daughter, Esther, made a trip to Munford's big sale at Greenville Saturday.

If you are ready to sell your seed when you have your cotton ginned, the Pitt County Oil Company will give you the highest cash price, for meal exchange that can be gotten anywhere.

If you are not already ginning your cotton with the Pitt County Oil Company, bring them a bale on trial and they will prove to you their superior advantage in patronizing them.

\$250 IN CASH PREMIUMS.

To Be Given by The Farmers Consolidated Tobacco Company.

There is an opportunity for the farmers who sell tobacco on the Greenville market to receive some cash premiums that are well worth trying for. The Farmers Consolidated Tobacco Company will give away \$250 in cash on Friday, the 16th of December, to farmers who sell tobacco with them between now and that date. These cash premiums will come in handy for Christmas to the farmers receiving them. The large advertisement in this paper gives full particulars of how these premiums, running from \$1 to \$50, are to be distributed. Read the advertisement carefully and sell your tobacco on one of the floors of the Farmers Consolidated Tobacco Company.

NECKTIE GIRLS ON STRIKE.

The Stock of Christmas Presents May be Cut Down.

By Wire to The Reflector.
New York, Oct. 10.—The threatened strike of necktie workers of this city, which it has been declared will effect between 12,000 and 20,000 girls, began today, when 3,000 girls on the east side quit work. A meeting will be held this afternoon and it is expected orders will be issued to every necktie union in the city to join the strike.

DEMOCRATIC CAMPAIGN OPENED SATURDAY.

CANDIDATES GREETED BY 500 PEOPLE IN AYDEN.

Telling Speeches Made by Hon. C. C. Daniels and Mr. Albion Dunn—Outlook for Great Democratic Victory.

The Democratic candidates for the legislature and various county offices opened the campaign at Ayden on Saturday afternoon, before an assembly of fully five hundred enthusiastic Democrats. All of the candidates were present.

Chairman F. C. Harding, of the county executive committee, opened with a brief speech and presided over the meeting. As other speakers were present, most of the candidates merely made announcements. Mr. D. C. Moore candidate for Superior court clerk, spoke about five minutes and every minute of the time counted. Mr. R. R. Cotton, candidate for the senate, extended his remarks to about twenty minutes, one of his strong declarations being that his policy was to submit all local questions to the will of a majority of the people affected. He also gave some emphasis to the Torrens land registering system, of which he is a staunch advocate.

Hon. C. C. Daniels, of Wilson, spoke for an hour and a half, and made a telling speech that received much applause. He dwelt mainly upon national and state issues. He also so completely showed up the record of Marion Butler as to fill his hearers with great disgust for the treachery of the leader of the Republican party who wants to bankrupt the state.

Mr. Albion Dunn, of Greenville, followed in a speech of about an hour, and aroused much enthusiasm with his timely words.

This beginning of the campaign shows that Pitt county is in fine shape for a great Democratic victory in November. The people of Contentnea say they are going to come up with as large a majority as ever, and it is going to be the same way all over the county.

PERSONAL BRIEFS.

The People Who Come and go on Our Trains.

Mr. F. J. Jeffries, of Robersonville, was here today.

Mr. C. M. Jones, who has been spending a few days at home, left this morning for Weldon.

Mr. J. E. Jones went to Tarboro today.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Jones, of Rocky Mount, who had been visiting here, returned home this morning.

Mr. J. S. Stump went to Scotland Neck today.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Jones went to Ayden today.

Mr. J. C. Lanier went to Ayden today.

Messrs. J. B. Higgs and J. B. Kittrell went to Ayden today.

Miss Lovie Daniel left today for a visit in Fort Barnwell.

Mr. E. A. Kline, of Charlotte, is here on a visit to relatives.

Mr. Langley Tayloe, of Aulander, is visiting his cousin, Miss Vashti Deans.

Mr. W. J. Thigpen, of Sanford, Fla., came in Saturday evening to visit his mother, near here.

Mr. Roy Hearne went to Kinston this afternoon.

Mr. W. R. Wilson, of Greenville, N. C., has received through Congressman John H. Small an appointment to the Military Academy at West Point N. Y. He is now in Highland Falls, where he is being prepared by Lieutenant Braden. Mr. Wilson is a brother to Lieutenant D. S. Wilson, 17th infantry. The examination comes off on January 11th.—Army and Navy Register.

Mr. Spillman Sunday.

Rev. B. W. Spillman, of Kinston, visited Memorial Baptist church Sunday and occupied the pulpit at both morning and evening services, preaching excellent sermons. In the beginning of his ministry seventeen years ago, the church here was among the first that he served. He has visited Greenville several times since and the people always hear him gladly. Of recent years, he has not been actively in the ministry, being secretary of the Sunday school board of the Southern Baptist convention and his time being devoted mainly to that work.

PASSENGER TRAIN SERVICE.

Time of Arrival and Departure of all Greenville Trains.

Atlantic Coast Line.	
Northbound	Southbound
8.32 a. m.	1.12 p. m.
5.17 p. m.	6.32 p. m.

Norfolk & Southern.	
Eastbound	Westbound
9.40 a. m.	4.14 p. m.
12.41 a. m.	3.53 a. m.
6.30 p. m.	7.51 a. m.

The Weather.

Fair tonight and Tuesday; not much change in temperature; moderate northeasterly winds.

Oct. 10 in American History.

- 1738—Benjamin West, celebrated painter living in England, born; died 1820.
- 1828—Samuel Jackson Randall, statesman, born; died 1890.
- 1845—United States Naval academy opened at Annapolis.
- 1872—William Henry Seward, statesman, died; born 1801. Seward was Lincoln's principal rival in the Chicago convention in 1860. He was secretary of state throughout the civil war.
- 1901—Lorenzo Snow, president of the Mormon church, died; born 1814.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

(From noon today to noon tomorrow.) Sun sets 5:24, rises 6:03; moon sets 9:46 p. m.; 8:32 a. m., eastern time, moon at first quarter in constellation Sagittarius; Mercury visible; asteroid Vesta (diameter 250 miles) visible, passing 1 degree north of star Gamma in Cetus in southeast in evening; sun's declination 6 degrees 40 minutes south of celestial equator.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Little Items too Short for a Head, but Interesting.

Get on the sunny side.

Hands in pockets has come back in style.

Capt. and Mrs. J. S. Barr, of Weldon, are spending a few days with relatives here.

Fraternal Mystic Circle meets tonight.

The rain left a cool feeling behind it.

Miss Nonie Blow, of Greensboro, who was called here by the recent death of her father, left this morning.

The ladies of the Round Table will meet with Mrs. Beckwith Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Hope Fire Company will meet tonight at 7:30 o'clock. Members take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

The Sans Souci club will meet Thursday afternoon of this week at 4 o'clock, with Miss Glenn Forbes.

If you express today's date in figures it is 10-10-10. See?

Marriage Licenses.

Register of Deeds Moore has issued licenses to the following couples since last report.

WHITE.

J. O. Bryant and Jessie A. Harrell.
H. B. Buck and Janie Harper.
J. C. Stokes and Stella Stokes.

COLORED.

Roscoe Taylor and Eva Lewis.
Robert Sparkman and Pattie Mayo.
J. R. Ricks and Nina Hopkins.
James Shaw and Mary Bryant.
Richard Rives and Lucy Forbes.
Davison Andrews and Lucy Perkins.

Another Good Corn Yield.

Oscar Crisp, a son of Mr. W. J. Crisp, farming on R. W. King's place three miles from town, is another boy who has made a fine record in the corn growing contest. His acre was measured Saturday and showed a yield of 86 bushels. His yield would have been even larger than this had not hogs broken in and destroyed some of the corn. His acre was on high land, and shows what development Pitt county lands can be brought to.

Died.

Mrs. Wiley Downs died Saturday night at her home on Seventh street, after a long illness. She leaves a husband and two daughters. The funeral services were conducted at the home, Sunday afternoon, by Rev. J. H. Shore, the interment following in Cherry Hill cemetery.

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One week, .10
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THIS PAPER REPRESENTED FOR FOREIGN ADVERTISING BY THE
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Advertising rates may be had upon application at the business office in The Reflector Building, corner Evans and Third streets.

All cards of thanks and resolutions of respect will be charged for at 1 cent per word.

Entered at the post office at Greenville, N. C., as second class mail matter.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1910.

The Whiting Lumber Company, doing large timber operations in Graham county, has purchased practically all of the property in Robbinsville, a town of 300 population and the county seat. The company wanted the site of the town for the location large mills and lumber yard, and paid fabulous prices for some of the lots there. Everything but the court house and church lots were purchased and negotiations for these are in progress. Buying a whole town is something unusual.

Next week is the great State fair and home coming week in Raleigh. Many of the dispersed North Carolinians are expected to come back and see the home folks.

Atlanta was the happiest place on the map when Mr. Roosevelt struck that town Saturday evening.

Another suicide wave seemed to sweep over the country last week.

The coal man will be in demand before much longer.

The Slavery of Taxation.
Who gets the benefit of the protective tariff which taxes the masses on an average of nearly 45 per cent. on practically everything they purchase, some of the Aldrich schedules calling for a tax as high as 150 per cent. Why, those who are authorized by the tariff law to fix the prices for nearly everything we eat and wear, thus placing the people at the mercy of trusts and combines, get the benefits. They subscribe enormous amounts of money to keep in power the party which levies that tariff so they can exploit the people.

Is it possible that the majority of the people will vote to continue the Republican party in power so it can perpetuate the infamous system which burdens the average man and moderate earner for the benefit of the classes which keep the masses working for them? There is no more than one kind of slavery, but the system which puts a tax on what labor industry and enterprise produces, and which puts a tax on consumers, all for the benefit of one class of the people, is a system of slavery that seems to be voluntarily imposed by voters who are supposed to be intelligent. If the voters could not help themselves it would be quite a different thing, but they can go to the polls and obtain freedom for themselves by casting their ballots for Democratic representatives in congress.

It is true that some of the multi-millionaire beneficiaries have secured seats in the senate and house by purchase, bribery and corruption, but there ought to be enough of the spirit of independence and civic intelligence left in the people to enable them to elect enough congressmen to outvote the special interests which dominate congress under Republicanism. If the people actually intend and desire to pay any kind of taxes for the benefit of the favorite interest they should at least send their own representatives to congress so they can pass their own tariff law. Certainly

it to such multi-million... representatives as Senator Aldrich and others who represent plutocracy and not the people.
We often wonder if a voter has a correct idea of his liberty when he goes to the polls and votes for a party the legislation of which is so plainly framed in opposition to his interests. If you do vote that way or are content plating doing so, it is time for you to call a halt on yourself.—Wilmington Dispatch.

Ten Things to do This Month.

- (1) Sow oats; begin wheat sowing; keep working all lands for these crops until ready to sow; treat seed. If smutty, with bluestone or formalin.
- (2) Keep on planting cover and pasture crops, vetch, crimson clover, rape, rye, turnips.
- (3) Gather in the corn; get the fodder or stover and all the hay possible under shelter or in good stacks.
- (4) Keep the cotton picked as it ripens; put it under shelter after it is baled; in boll weevil territory get ready to destroy the stalks as soon as possible.
- (5) Prepare for the storing of winter vegetables and fruits; see if it will not pay to build a potato house.
- (6) Fix a shelter, if there is none, for the farm tools, and keep them in the dry next winter.
- (7) Push the hogs—they should be gaining rapidly now; give all young stock, especially the colts and dairy calves, special attention.
- (8) Do some fall plowing; get out stumps and bushes; drain wet spots; prepare for better crops next year.
- (9) Prepare to set cut some fruit trees, also some berries and grapes; plant winter-growing vegetables.
- (10) Look after the house and yard also plant some shrubbery and vines; do needed repairing and painting; arrange a more convenient water supply for the coming winter.—Raleigh (N. C.) Progressive Farmer and Gazette.

Bill and Teddy.

Had Teddy Roosevelt ever been president of these United States we confess we should regard him as the coming man; the things he is saying and the things he says he wants done appeal strongly to a large part of the nation; but he was president once; he had the power to do these things or know the reason that they were not done, but did he do anything? Not by a blame sight! Occasionally he would break aloose and pretend that he was going to do something, then old Joe Cannon and the other bosses would quickly read the riot act to him and Roosevelt would be real good. If ever he is elected president again he will do the same thing. All his big talk is pure rot. Only last week he got down on his knees to Mr. Taft and begged him to help him in New York. Taft helped him, but he made Roosevelt endorse the Aldrich tariff bill. Who would have thought Taft had so much grit?—Greensboro Record.

Have Learned not to be Humbugged.

Times are more prosperous than they have been since the war and people are better able to buy what they want than in former years, but they are also more intelligent and know how to spend their money more wisely. As an evidence of this fact, a crowd of sewing machine agents came down from Washington, D. C., a few weeks ago and had a car load of machines shipped to Marshville which they intended selling our people at \$65 each, as they once could do. But after a week or two of hard labor they probably decided that the folks of this section were 'on to the racket' and proceeded to load the machines on a car and make headquarters elsewhere.—Marshville Home.

The owners of a hotel in this city have just compromised a claim on the land which goes back a generation before they become owners of the hotel existed. Such is the condition of affairs with regard to land in North Carolina and every other American State where the Torrens system of land titles has not yet been adopted.—Charlotte Observer.

Be Prepared.

Daniel Webster once told a friend that his great speech in reply to Hayne, which is the high water mark of modern eloquence, but which at the time was supposed to have been delivered without preparation, had been substantially prepared long before. When called upon suddenly to reply to the fiery Carolinian's attacks, which so alarmed the New Englanders at the capital, he was entirely at ease and ready for the fray, for, as he said, he had "only to turn to his notes tucked away in a pigeonhole," and refresh his recollection. "If Hayne," he said, "had tried to make a speech to fit my notes he could not have hit them better. No man is inspired by the occasion. I never was."



And Now the Fall Stove Question

And it is a question, isn't it? You've heard of so many stoves and read so many advertisements that you wonder what to believe. We don't want to try and tell you here about our splendid line of "Buck's"—we couldn't if we would; space would not permit. But, we know you want the best stove or range that your money can buy, one that will last you a lifetime and give you the best of service and that's why we want you to call and see our "Buck's"—we know they are best and that is why they are on our floors.

AF & VANDYKE

Atlantic Coast Line Railroad.

SCHEDULES

Between Norfolk, Washington, Plymouth, Greenville, and Kinston, Effective April 1st, 1909.

8:15 a. m.	Lv.	Norfolk	Ar.	1:35 p. m.
11:53 a. m.	Ar.	Hobgood	Lv.	9:52 a. m.
11:55 a. m.	Lv.	"	Ar.	9:50 a. m.
1:40 p. m.	Ar.	Washington	Lv.	7:55 a. m.
1:10 p. m.	"	Williamston	"	8:28 a. m.
2:10 p. m.	"	Plymouth	"	7:35 a. m.
1:12 p. m.	"	Greenville	"	8:32 a. m.
2:15 p. m.	"	Kinston	"	7:30 a. m.

For further information, address nearest ticket agent, or
W. H. WARD, Ticket Agent, Greenville, N. C.

W. J. CRAIG, P. T. M. T. C. WHITE, G. P. A. WILMINGTON, N. C.

ESTABLISHED 1875

S. M. SCHULTZ

Wholesale and retail Grocer and Furniture dealer. Cash paid for Hides, Fur, Cotton Seed, Oil Barrels, Turkeys, Eggs, Oak Bedsteads, Mattresses, etc. Suits, Baby Carriages, Go-Carts, Parlor Suits, Tables, Lounges Safes, P. Lorillard and Gail & Ax Snuff, High Life Tobacco, Key West Cheroots, Henry George Cigars, Canned Cherries, Peaches, Apples, Syrup, Jelly, Meat, Flour, Sugar Coffee, Soap, Lye, Magic Food, Matches, Oil Cotton Seed Meal and Hulls, Garden Seeds, Oranges, Apples, Nuts, Candies, Dried Apples, Peaches, Prunes, Currants, Raisins, Glass and Chinaware, Woodenware, Cakes and Crackers, Macaroni, Cheese, best Butter, New Royal Sewing Machines, and numerous other goods. Quality and quantity cheap for cash. Come to see me.
Phone Number 55.

S. M. SCHULTZ

KEEP THE KIDNEYS WELL.

Health is Worth Saving, and Some Greenville People Know How to Save It.

Many Greenville people take their lives in their hands by neglecting the kidneys when they know these organs need help. Sick kidneys are responsible for a vast amount of suffering and ill health, but there is no need to suffer nor to remain in danger when all diseases and aches and pains due to weak kidneys can be quickly and permanently cured by the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. The following statement leaves no ground for doubt.

Mrs. S. A. Simmons, 504 Heritage St., Kinston, N. C., says: "I found Doan's Kidney Pills to be an effective remedy for kidney trouble and headache. My back pained me for a long time and my kidneys were much disordered. I happened to read about Doan's Kidney Pills, and procuring a box, I began using them. They benefited me in every way and I am now free from backache and am able to rest well; in fact, I feel better in every way. I am glad to give Doan's Kidney Pills my endorsement."
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A fair exchange is no robbery—but one of the parties to the exchange is apt to get stuck just the same.

It's an insult to beg a girl's pardon after kissing her.

S. A. L. SCHEDULE

Trains leave Raleigh effective May 15th 1910

YEAR ROUND LIMITED—No. 81.

3:45 a. m.—For Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis and points West, Jacksonville and Florida points, connections at Hamlet for Charlotte and Wilmington.

THE SEABOARD MAIL—No. 38.

11:35 a. m.—For Portsmouth-Norfolk, with coaches and parlor car. Connects with steamer for Washington, Baltimore, New York, Boston and Providence.

THE FLORIDA FAST MAIL—No. 66.

12:05 a. m.—For Richmond, Washington and New York Pullman sleepers, day coaches and dining car. Connects at Richmond with C. & O. for Cincinnati and points West, at Washington with Pennsylvania railroad and B. & O. for Pittsburg and points west.

THE SEABOARD MAIL—No. 41.

4:05 p. m.—For Atlanta, Charlotte, Wilmington, Birmingham, Memphis and points West. Parlor cars to Hamlet.
6:00 p. m., No. 30.—"Shoo Fly", for Louisburg, Henderson Oxford, and Norlina.

6:00 p. m.—For Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis and points West, Jacksonville, and all Florida points. Pullman sleepers. Arrive Atlanta 7 a. m.

12:45 p. m.—Arrives Richmond 4:20 a. m., Washington 7:40 a. m., New York 2 p. m. Pullman sleepers to Washington and dining car to New York.

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The Lions and the Roses.

"An admirer in my younger days," said a woman lion tamer, "once sent me a bouquet of red roses, and I wore them in the ring to do my act. They came near doing for me. I had got my eight lions arranged in their pyramid when the lion at the top saw the red roses in my corsage. He mistook them for meat—lions have poor sight, and down he leaped. He came for me open mouthed. Though I fired a blank cartridge in his face, he made with his paw a sweep at the roses that tipped me open from chin to waist. All the other lions bounded forward. They weren't angry. They were hungry. I had intelligence enough to perceive that, and just as they were leaping on me I tore off my roses and threw them across the ring. The big brute left me at once, and while they sniffed the roses with disappointed growls I staggered out of the iron door. I was young at the time, young and light-headed, or I'd have known better than to wear anything red among hungry and near-sighted lions."—Buffalo Express.

A Coin in the Sea.

A coin dropped into the sea will sink to the bottom however deep it is, owing to the fact that the metal is heavier than the volume of water it displaces. It is a common but mistaken notion that the density of the sea increases with its depth and consequent pressure, as does the density of the atmosphere, which we all know is greatest at the earth's surface. The air, however, like all gases, is elastic and when under pressure (as with its own weight) shrinks in volume and gains in density. Water, on the other hand, is absolutely incompressible, and although the pressure in the sea increases at the rate of one pound for every two feet we descend, the density of the water remains the same; consequently the buoyancy continues to outweigh the water it displaces, and the coin sinks until it finds a solid resting place. The pressure of the water has no influence at all on the coin, acting as it does on all sides equally.

Decline of the Mustache.

Permission to wear a mustache was eagerly sought after in the middle of the last century. But now the virile decoration is discarded. Why? In those old days the Bank of England would not allow its employees to wear it and issued an order which might have come more appropriately from a bank of Ireland. It was to the effect that the mustache was not to be worn in business hours! A large drapery firm in London objected not only to the mustache, but to hair parted down the middle. There is more tolerance now. Men look younger when clean shaven. They are also more readable without the protection given by the mustache to the upper lip. If hearts can be worn on sleeves thoughts can be read on upper lips. But is it always wise to leave the legend unhidden? Men seldom like to be divined, as La Rochefoucauld remarked once and for all time.—London Express.

An Old Alarm Clock.

At Schramberg, in the Black forest, there is a respectable alarm clock that warned sleepers it was time to get up when Charles I. was king of England. This was made in 1680, and it is deemed a remarkable piece of workmanship. In form it resembles a lantern wherein is a lighted candle, the wick of which is automatically clipped every minute by a pair of scissors. The candle is slowly pushed upward by a spring, which also controls the mechanism of the clock, and at the required hour of waking an alarm is sounded, and at the same time the movable sides of the lantern fall, and the room is flooded with light.

A Spurred Gift.

A charity expert was discussing promiscuous almsgiving. "Promiscuous giving," he said, "is money thrown away. Nothing should be given to beggars except work. A friend of mine said the other day to a beggar: "I can't give you any money, my poor fellow, but if you call at my house I'll give you plenty of work." "Thanks," the beggar answered, "I've got plenty of that at home."

Conscience.

"On what grounds do you desire to withdraw the plea of 'not guilty'?" "On the simple ground that we are guilty. However, we must call the attention of your honor to the regrettable fact that the statute of limitations lets us out. Too bad we were not asked about this matter earlier."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Very Good Man.

"He's forever prating about what his conscience tells him. What does his conscience tell him, anyway?" "It usually tells him apparently what awful sinners his neighbors are."—Philadelphia Press.

Keeps Him Busy.

The Skeptical Aunt—What does he do, Dolly, for a living? Dolly (greatly surprised)—Why, auntie, he does not have time to earn a living while we are engaged.

Made Him Think.

Sapleigh—Ah, speaking of electricity, that makes me think—Miss Keen—Really, Mr. Sapleigh, isn't it remarkable what electricity can do?—Boston Transcript.

Shady.

Gyer—They tell me Sharp is engaged in a shady business. Myer—You don't say? Gyer—Yes; he's putting up awnings.—Chicago News.

STUPID PEOPLE.

Couldn't Tell What Grew Up in the Night and Was Served on Toast. Never ask any one to supply you with a missing word, says a writer in the *Atlantic*, and if the experience which he relates is typical it is good advice. A woman was engaged recently in writing a letter to a friend, in which she was telling of what they had to eat at a party. She was getting along very well when all of a sudden she stopped to think. "What," she called to her family, "is that green stuff that grows up straight?" "Emergreen peas," some one replied. "Oh, yes," said the woman, "I mean something to eat!" "Onions," was the reply. "No," she said, "not onions. Lettuce," "beans," "peas," and so on, were all called out by the family in an anxious attempt to supply the missing word. "None of them is right," said the woman. Then she tried a new tack. "What is it," she said, "they serve in toast?" "I reached around," said one member of the family, "I don't know." "I don't know," said another. Then the woman got up, tore her letter into pieces and put the thing on the fire. "These days," she was in a grocery store and saw something marked "Emergreen peas," that sent her running all the way home.

"It was asparagus!" she cried. "I should think some of you might have known it was asparagus! Didn't I say I grew up straight and was served on toast?"

ABSURD FASHIONS.

Hairstressing and Hats in the Time of Marie Antoinette.

Some of the fashions in France during the reign of unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette were exceedingly absurd; particularly hairdressing and hats, which were trimmed with such an extravagant wealth of feathers that the coaches had to have their seats lowered. According to Mme. Campan, "mothers and husbands murmured, and the general rumor was that the queen would ruin the French ladies."

One day Louis XVI. decided to forbid the court in a body to follow the royal hunt in coaches. In order to be free he wished only to permit retail sportsmen to attend. The noble ladies immediately rebelled, and the Princess of Monaco criticized the decision by means of her headdress, upon which arose a miniature royal coach. Followed by two gentlemen on foot in gaiters. On the left of this was displayed a cypress garlanded with black tears, the large roots being formed of crape.

More absurd still was the hairdressing of the mother of Louis Philippe, upon whose head every one could admire her son, the Duc de Beaujolais, in the arms of his nurse as well as a parrot pecking at a cherry.

Her Only Criticism.

Little Dorothy not only liked her tea and coffee to have the appearance of being "real and truly," but she also liked to taste the flavor of each. One afternoon her mother took her to a friend's home where tea was served at 5 o'clock.

The hostess gave to Dorothy what she usually gave to her own children, of Dorothy's age, in the line of liquid refreshment—viz. hot water, sugar and milk. Dorothy tasted hers politely and ate her little cakes.

"Why, Dorothy, you aren't drinking your tea, dear. Isn't it sweet enough?" asked the hostess.

"Yes, Mrs. C., it's sweet enough," replied the child.

"Then why aren't you taking it?" "It's too dull," she replied.—New York Times.

Another Meaning.

A traveler to the north on the Great Northern railway, having delivered his luggage to the care of an alert railway porter, proceeded to make himself comfortable in the corner of a first class smoking compartment. The porter, having performed his duty, came to the carriage to report, not without expectation of acceptable reward.

"Well," said the passenger, "I see by the letters 'G. N. R.' on your cap, 'Gratuites' never received."

"Not quite that, sir," replied the porter, touching his cap peak. "It might mean 'gratuites never refused.' And the way that porter smiled when he left the carriage betokened his satisfaction at the material result of his smart answer and the service he had rendered.—London Mail.

First Potatoes in Scotland.

It is claimed by a correspondent that the first person to grow potatoes in the open field in Scotland was Thomas Prentice, a day laborer in the West Barony of the parish in Glasgow, near Chapel Green. That was in the year 1728. It was about four years after that date that he (Prentice) entered the market with them and was very successful with his experiment, as he made £300 of it, which he sank in double interest and died at Edinburgh in 1762.—Glasgow Herald.

Strictly Legal.

"What is a young man to do when his attention has been arrested by a pretty girl?"

"Why, carry his case to court, of course."—Red Hen.

Sarcastic.

"It's a great singer?" "No; I shouldn't call her great. You can understand every word she sings."—Detroit Free Press.

WIGS AND BEARDS.

Ordered on the Grottoque in England in Queen Anne's Time. At the restoration wigs began to be more generally worn, and in Queen Anne's reign they became the most costly item of gentlemen's wardrobes. Sir Richard Steele's "full buttoned black wig" cost 50 guineas (about \$250), and the fashion became so cumbersome that Colley Cibber when playing "The Fool of Fashion" in satirizing the styles introduced a wig of wax so large that it was brought on the stage in a sedan chair. As a matter of fact, the stage wigs were compelled to restrict the length of wig boxes to three feet.

John Taylor, one of the English minor poets, thus depicts the beards of his day: "Some seem as they were starched and set to the bristles of an angry swine, and some to set their dove's beak on edge. Are cut and pruned like a quick set hedge. Some like an apple, some like a rock, some square, some round, some mowed like stubble, some quite bare, some sharp stiletto fashioned, daggers that may in whispering a man's eye out-pyke. Some like a hammer cut or Roman T. These beards extravagant reformed must be: Some with the quadrat, some triant, some circular, some oval in translation. Some perpendicular in magnitude, some like a nut for their cravat, thus neat, depth, breadth, trifling, square, oval, round, and rules geometrical in beard's abound."—National Magazine.

COLONIAL VIRGINIA.

The Haughty Planters Were Fierce Foes of Royal Tyranny.

In no part of the world were social distinctions more rigidly defined than in colonial Virginia. The founders of that colony stepped from the brilliant court of Elizabeth into the forests of Virginia. The lord proprietor transported to his estate a little army of gentlemen and indentured servants, and afterward came the negro slave. Each formed a class apart from the others, and almost at once there was created a quasi system of aristocracy. The proprietor obligated himself to protect his tenants from the Indians. They in turn agreed to follow him to battle, precisely the system inaugurated by William the Conqueror for the military defense of his realm. His environment naturally bred certain habits of command, fostered a capacity for directing the efforts of others and imposed a sense of responsibility upon the planter for the lives that were in his keeping.

Above all else the planter jealously guarded his rights as an English freeman. When liberty languished in England the Virginian sturdily resisted every aggression of royal tyrants. One husband, one wife, one home, one king, one God—this was the planter's creed. But he reserved the right to renounce a monarch who violated the ancient compact between king and people. No other people numerically as unimportant as that group of Virginia settlers has given to humanity so many statesmen, soldiers, orators, patriots and philosophers.—Everybody's Magazine.

Baring the Feet at Worship.

In India Hindus and Mussulmans alike wear both sandals and shoes (slippers) and the latter boots also, but the invariable rule is to remove them after entering a private house just when stepping on to the mat or carpet or which the visitor takes his seat. They must be cast off, the right boot or shoe first, before the worshiper enters a temple or mosque, and it is still regarded as an absolute profanation to attempt to enter either fully shod. But the domestic habit arose out of its obvious propriety, and the religious ritual of "the shoes of the faithful," now and for centuries past observed throughout Islam, can be demonstrated to have been dictated by, if indeed it be not derived directly from, the universal social etiquette of the east.

Did His Best.

The young politician was as obliging as possible, but there was a limit to his possibilities. When the reporter asked him what his wife would wear at the mayor's reception he assumed a confidential air.

"I'll tell you just as much as I know myself," he said. "Last night she told me she should wear white. This morning at breakfast she said she'd decided on her rose colored gown, and when I said goodby to her she had spread a gray one beside the rose colored one on one chair and her black face beside the white on another and was taking something else out of the closet. If her hair hadn't caught on a hook as she turned round I might have been able to tell you more."—Youth's Companion.

The Perfect Figure.

"John, dear," queried the young wife, glancing up from the physical culture magazine she was perusing, "what is your idea of a perfect figure?" "Well," replied her husband, "\$100,000 may not be perfection, but it's near enough to satisfy a man of my simple tastes."—Chicago News.

Faustian Nomenclature.

The people of Wales escaped much when it was decided to call them Welshmen instead of Whalers. "Yes, but it would have been still worse if they had called them Welshers."—Baltimore American.

He who brings ridicule to bear against truth finds in his hands a blade without a hilt.—London

POLICE OF GERMANY.

Privilege of the Home No Bar to Their Enforcing Authority. To a foreigner no feature of German life is more striking than the promptness and almost unlimited authority of the police. Many of its functions are such as in the United States could be intrusted only to a court of law. What seems almost equally strange, the greater part of these functions are exercised quite independently of the local government.

The promptness and thoroughness of the work of the German police is a constant surprise to the foreigner. The policeman not only preserves order in the streets, but exercises in fact his authority in private houses. For instance, he undertakes the nightly locking of one's street door at a definite early hour. The man who has his chimney regularly cleaned. He inspects in stated times one's stove and heating apparatus, and while he is about it he will look into a few other matters of domestic economy.

One feature of his activity strikes a good many American visitors with favor. In some places smoking and piano playing with open windows are forbidden, and it is a common house regulation in large towns that no pianos may be played after 10 o'clock in the evening. The German policeman is also something of a food inspector in his way, and he keeps a sharp eye on vendors of food and of medicines. It is not an uncommon sight to see a German policeman halt a milkman's wagon on the spot to make an inspection of his wares. Should they prove to be anything wrong with them they are promptly seized and destroyed and the matter is immediately taken in hand by the higher authorities.—New York Press.

A BATHLESS AGE.

For a Thousand Years the People of Europe Went Unwashed.

When Egypt, Greece and Rome were at the height of their ancient power their citizens made bathing a social function, a municipal duty and a religious observance. The public baths of these nations were magnificent architecturally and important as centers of hygienic and municipal sentiment.

With the decadence of these countries the world seems to have reverted to a period of mental sloth and physical uncleanness. As an authority on the matter puts it:

"For 1,000 years there was not a man or woman in Europe that ever took a bath, if the historian of these times, Michelet, is to be believed. The ancient love of the bath seemed to have disappeared from off the land."

"There was no Greece or Rome to hold up the ensign of cleanliness to the nations of Europe. Small wonder that the people of the continent became physical decadents, as indeed they were in spite of tradition to the contrary."

"It is not strange that there came the awful epidemics that cut off one-fourth of the population of Europe—the spotted plague, the black death, the sweating sickness and the terrible mental epidemics that followed in their train—the dancing mania, the mewing mania and the biting mania. The bath was banished and filth was almost defiled. Indeed, it was then thought that the sanctification of the body was only accomplished when that body was indescribably dirty."—Physical Culture.

An Island of Black Cats.

"The Island of Black Cats" is a name often applied to Chartham Island, one of the Galapagos. It is in the Pacific ocean, about 730 miles west of the coast of Ecuador. It is overrun with black cats, and cats of no other color are seen there. These animals live in the crevices of the lava foundation near the coast and subsist by catching fish and crabs instead of rats and mice. Other animals found on this island are horses, cattle, dogs, goats and chickens, all of which are perfectly wild.

A Startling Reply.

"It is very detrimental to the conversation if you play bridge while talking. A gentleman once entered a room and walked up to a lady who was deeply engrossed in correcting her score. 'How d'ye do, Mrs. So-and-so?' he exclaimed. 'I have just met your children with the nurse. By the way, how many have you got?'"

"The lady looked up and replied, 'Sixteen above and twenty-four below.'"—From "The Confessions of a Bridge Player" by Quillon.

How Stupid!

Mrs. Jones reading—It says here that a nautical mile is 6,080 feet and a statute mile is only 5,280 feet. Why is that? I thought a mile was a mile.

Mr. Jones (without looking up from his paper)—Well, a mile is a mile, but a statute mile is measured on dry land, while a nautical mile is measured on the water, and you know most things swell when in water. Mrs. Jones (resuming her reading)—Why, of course! How stupid!—Ladies' Home Journal.

How It Looked.

"Why don't you eat your caviare?" asked the host.

"Didn't know it was to eat," replied Broncho Bob. "I thought there had been an accident and the cook spilled the bird shot."—Washington Star.

Domestic Bliss.

Mrs. Henpek with newspaper—It says here that buttermilk will extend one's life to over a hundred. Henpek (wearily)—If I was a bachelor, I'd take to drinking it.—Boston Transcript.

Drugs and Sickness.

It is not too much to say that the medical profession today no longer believes that any drug (with a few exceptions, like quinine in malaria, mercury and the antitoxins) will cure a disease as such, and that it will do so to modify conditions as to help the body in its fight against disease.

We are no longer content, in the fitting phrase of Voltaire, to "pour draught of which we know little into bodies of which we know less." What will help one patient will harm another, and what may be beneficial in the early stage of a disease will be useless or even injurious in a later stage.

In the language of Captain Cuttle, the effect of a drug like "the bear's" is an observation, "depends on the application of it." It is neither rational nor safe blindly to swallow down a drug which is highly recommended in a certain disease and expect it to "do the rest." There is no such thing as a universal cure for a disease nor even a remedy which may be relied upon as "a good thing to take" at any and all stages of it.—Dr. Woods Hutchinson in *Dellinger*.

Gagadig, Gagadig.

There was a quaint old man in Manchester, England, who for many years went by the unkind name of Gagadig Gigadig. His original name was John Smith, and for many years he brooded over the possibilities of mistaken identity involved in it. The name figured frequently in criminal records, and he became abnormally apprehensive lest he might be confused with some of the bad John Smiths. At last what he feared so much actually happened. One morning the papers reported the arrest of an accountant in a bank for embezzlement, and through some blunder of the reporter the identity of the embezzler was confused with the subject of this article, who was also a bank accountant. Then and there he determined to assume a name like unto no other ever borne by mortal man. And in Gagadig Gigadig most people will agree that he succeeded in so doing.—New York Tribune.

Legally Better Off.

The creditors of the ancient klug had become so unpleasantly insistent that he resolved to put them where they could trouble him no more. So he invited them to a great banquet, and when they had feasted and drunk of his prepared wine he instructed his servants to convey them to his deepest dungeons. And the next morning when he went down to learn whether his servants had done his bidding his creditors raised their voices and entreated to be set free. But he remonstrated with them, saying:

"My friends, you have no just cause for complaint. Are you not better off in the eye of the law than ever before? Any lawyer will tell you that a secured creditor has an exceptional claim." Then he left them and went on his gladsome way, happy in the knowledge that he could at last go through his dominions without being dunned.—Chicago News.

Masculine Music.

The musical doctor stepped into the shop.

His hair stuck out like stiff straws, and his joy of life was under his arm; also two buttons on his waistcoat were undone. So there was no doubt about his being a genius.

"Aha, ahem, ahum!" purred the musical doctor. "E string for a violin, please."

The man behind the counter looked flustered. He went to the shelf, took off a small packet, examined it carefully, examined it again and then hesitatingly returned to the customer.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he began diffidently, "but this 'appears to be my first day in the shop, and yer might give me a little 'elp. The fact is these 'ere strings look all alike to me, an' I can't tell the 'es from the shes'"—London Globe.

Firearms in Russia.

As an illustration of how closely everything is watched in Russia, take its system of registering firearms. When a weapon of any kind is purchased a permit must be secured from the local authorities. The name of the man who makes the purchase, with the number of the weapon, is recorded. If the purchaser ever wants to dispose of the weapon he must notify the authorities and cause the transfer to be recorded on the books of the firm which sold it.

An Anachronism.

When some celebrated pictures of Adam and Eve were seen on exhibition Mr. McNab was taken to see them. "I think no great things of the painter," said the gardener. "Why, man, tempting Adam with a pipkin of a variety that wasna known until about twenty years ago!"

Hindering the Process.

Doctor—Well, John, how are you to-day?

John—Very bad; very bad. I wish Providence 'ud 'ave nussay on me an' take me.

Wife—Ow can you expect it to if you won't take the doctor's physic?—London Mail.

Her Answer.

In inculcating the idea of truthfulness a teacher asked the question "What is the best thing in the world to do and sometimes the hardest?" A little girl raised her hand timidly. "Well, my child?" "To get married!"

Too Fond of Them.

"Is he fond of outdoor sports?" "Yes. His wife complains that he even invites them home to dinner."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

REVENUE CUTTERS.

Varied Duties of These Life Savers of the Seas.

It is not in the employ of Uncle Sam to render more efficient service than do those of the revenue cutter service. The varied duties which would indicate that their duties were restricted to those pertaining to the proper enforcement of the revenue laws, can give but a faint notion of the varied duties of this splendid corps of men. As a matter of fact, revenue cutters are the life savers of the seas. They patrol the coasts on regular beats, on the watch for vessels in distress. They must suppress mutinies, prevent smuggling and illicit seal hunting; they must examine ships' papers, enforce quarantine regulations, supply lighthouses and in general do all kinds of police work. Then, too, they have been dubbed "the messenger boys of the seas."

Alexander Hamilton was the father of the revenue cutter service, for it was under his administration of the treasury department that, in 1791, ten cutters were built and put in commission under miles of his own devising. In time of peace the cutters are under the supervision of the treasury department, but in times of war they are transferred to that of the navy department. Since the year of 1812 they have always rendered excellent service in the event of armed hostilities. Every one remembers the remarkable work done by the *McCulloch*, under Dewey, at the battle of Manila Bay.—New York Press.

A GEM OF POESY.

Maybe It Was the Heat That Made It Burst Into Being.

Stewart Edward White, William Kent and myself were hunting mountain sheep in the ranges of Mexico, California. Perhaps because the sun's heat of the desert which we were crossing had somewhat gone to our brains, we felt to making poetry upon various aspects of desert life. While rhapsodizing upon the tarantula; King dithyrambed over the pack mule; I sang the dispraises of the jack rabbit. Finally White, who was cook for the day, offered a special prize of duff with raisins (the last remnant of our store) for the premier verse to be turned out before sunset. At noon we met up with a wandering prospector, who introduced himself as J. Noel Benson, native son of California, and observed upon learning of our literary efforts that he was some poet himself. On being invited to enter the list he retired to the top of a mesa, where the thermometer was something like 110 in the absence of shade, and after half an hour of self communion returned with the following gem of poesy:

THE GNAT.

The gnat he is a noisome mite. He loves to buzz. He loves to bite. He crawls upon you when you're hot. I love the naughty gnat—nit—nit!

The duff was awarded to him without protest from the other contestants.—Success Magazine.

How Leap Year Started.

Hampson, in his "Medii Oevi. Kalendarium," quotes the following quaint tradition from an old Saxon treatise: "Some assert that the bissextus or leap day comes through this, that Joshua prayed to God that the sun might stand still for one day's length that he might sweep the heathen from the land that God had granted him and his followers. It is true that the sun did stand still for one day's length over the city of Gabaon, but the day went forward in the same manner as other days. And the bissextus is not through that, as some do think."

In France and some parts of Spain and Portugal there exists a tradition known as "the ghost of leap year." Believers in this say that a marvelous monster annually appears on leap day and disarranges human affairs for the remainder of the year.

A Royal Apology.

King Edward VII. was never at a loss for a quick, suitable answer. One day he was coming around a street corner on one of his periodical walks in London when he collided with a very stout person, who, being near-sighted, did not recognize the king, took him by the lapel of his coat and gave him a tongue lashing.

"Do you know, sir," finished the frate man, "that I am a member of the London council?"

"In that case I beg your pardon," replied the king, "for I am only the king of Great Britain."

Just the Other Way.

Rudyard Kipling was once visiting at a country house at which Miss Dorothy Drew, the famous granddaughter of Mr. Gladstone, then a little girl, was also staying. She was sent out into the garden with the distinguished author.

Later on, when the other grownups joined them, little Miss Dorothy was asked, "I hope you didn't bore Mr. Kipling?"

"No, but he bored me frightfully," was the unexpected and resigned reply.

Wait a Bit.

Guest—Look here. How long am I going to have to wait for that half portion of duck I ordered? Walter—Till somebody orders the other half. We can't go out and kill half a duck.—Toledo Blade.

Flirtation.

"What really constitutes flirtation?" asked the young man of the woman of the world.

"Attention without intention," replied the experienced one.—Scraps.

ORDER PLUAIN!

From and including Monday, October 10th, to and including Friday, December 16, 1910, we are going to number the bill for every load of tobacco sold on any of our floors in Greenville. After the sale on Friday, December 16th, we shall ascertain the number of loads that have been sold on our floors. Separate numbers representing every load will be written, and the following gentlemen: Mr. F. M. Wooten, Mayor of our city; Mr. H. A. White, President of the Chamber of Commerce; Mr. C. S. Carr, Cashier Greenville Banking and Trust Co., have consented to take these numbers, and after thoroughly mixing and commingling them together, they will draw from the box one number at the time. The first Fifty numbers thus drawn will entitle

the Fifty Farmers holding the corresponding numbers to ONE DOLLAR EACH. The next Twenty numbers drawn from the box, will entitle the twenty farmers holding the corresponding numbers to TWO DOLLARS and FIFTY CENTS each. The next ten numbers drawn will entitle the ten Farmers holding the corresponding numbers to FIVE DOLLARS each. The next five numbers drawn will entitle the five farmers holding the corresponding numbers to TEN DOLLARS EACH. The next number drawn will entitle the farmer holding the corresponding number to the Capital Premium of FIFTY DOLLARS IN CASH. The drawing will take place at the office of the F. C. T. Co., Cor. Fourth and Evans Sts., Friday, December 16, 1910, at 12 o'clock m.

NO ONE HAS ANY ADVANTAGE - - -

Under this plan no one has the slightest possible advantage. Every farmer has the same chance. The quantity or quality of your tobacco cuts absolutely no figure. The price at which it sells has nothing to do with it. The more loads you sell, the greater is the chance of drawing some of the prizes. Somebody is sure to win the capital prize of FIFTY DOLLARS. Why not you?

THERE ARE EIGHTY-FIVE OTHER CASH PRIZES THAT SOMEBODY WILL SURELY GET--NO GUESS WORK--THIS IS A CERTAINTY.

Now, if you want to sell your tobacco where past experience has absolutely proven beyond the shadow of a doubt, that you can get more for it than elsewhere, and at the same time, stand a fair and square chance of getting, in addition, a cash premium, then come along to our warehouses. We have the figures in our office, and know positively what we are talking about when we say Greenville is the highest market in Eastern North Carolina. We have proven during the last seven years that **The Farmers Consolidated Tobacco Company**, paid more money for tobacco than its competitors. If you made your tobacco for the money, bring it to us, and we will give it to you. We believe that Greenville has the best set of tobacco buyers in the State. If we did not believe what we have said, it stands to reason that we could not afford to make the proposition contained in this circular.

BRING YOUR TOBACCO TO GREENVILLE AND SELL ON OUR FLOORS, AND YOU CAN WALK DOWN THE STREET, CASH YOUR CHECK AND BUY FROM OUR LIBERAL MERCHANTS ANYTHING YOU MAY NEED; HAVE IT DELIVERED AT YOUR HOME; ALLOW YOURSELF TEN DOLLARS A DAY FOR THE TIME YOU ARE IN GREENVILLE, AND ON EVERY THOUSAND POUNDS OF TOBACCO YOU HAVE TO SELL YOU WILL STILL BE THE GAINER BY COMING TO GREENVILLE AND SELLING WITH THE CONSOLIDATED

The Farmers Consolidated Tobacco Company

\$250.00 IN CASH PREMIUMS GIVEN AWAY

BY

The Farmers Consolidated Tobacco Company

1 Capital Premium	\$50.00	\$50.00
5 Next Premiums	10.00 each,	50.00
10 " "	5.00 "	50.00
20 " "	2.50 "	50.00
50 " "	1.00 "	50.00

A great opportunity for Tobacco Farmers to receive CASH PREMIUMS, running from \$1.00 to \$50.00. The smallest farmer in the land has the same opportunity as the largest farmer.

The man who was unfortunate in making a sorry crop has the same chance as the more fortunate one with a fine crop.

NO ONE HAS AN ADVANTAGE-EVERYONE ON SAME FOOTING.

Different From a Mountain.
A certain Philadelphian who is a registered physician and an amusing experience in his attempt to corner a Christian Scientist. Every time they met this Scientist took occasion to scoff at medical science and to dwell upon the wonders that could be performed through faith.
"You are convinced that through faith you can do anything," said the medical man one day.
"Yes," he replied, "faith will move mountains."
A week later he was in the doctor's office with a swollen jaw, due to tooth ache.
"What, you here?" the doctor exclaimed, with feigned astonishment.
"Oh, doctor," he said, "I have suffered agony all through the night. I simply can't stand this pain any longer."
"Have you tried faith?" the physician asked him. "You know you told me faith could move mountains."
"But this is a cavity, doctor."

Pleasing the Sultan.
Kald Belton told the following story, which illustrates exactly the attitude of the sultan of Morocco toward the French:
One day the sultan asked a lady, the wife of his dentist, to play one of the pianos that were in the room of the palace. She played several pieces, one of them at length catching the sultan's fancy, whereupon the following little dialogue took place:
Sultan—That piece is very nice. What is it called?
Dentist—It is the "March on Cadiz." It was written to commemorate the Spaniards driving the French out of Spain.
Sultan—What! Were the French in Spain?
Dentist—Yes.
Sultan—How many of them?
Dentist—About 200,000.
Sultan (in a surprised tone)—And the Spaniards drove them out?
Dentist—Yes, every one of them. There was a slight pause while the sultan was thinking hard, and then:
Sultan (quietly)—Play it again.

His Interference.
The twists and turns taken by faking horse dealers to get out of their bad bargains are proverbial. A little incident illustrative of the tribe took place recently at a stable on North Broad street, where an irresponsible settler had succeeded in palming off a defective horse on a too easy buyer. The new owner turned up with the horse a few days after the purchase and angrily exclaimed, "Didn't you say this horse was perfectly safe and wouldn't trouble anybody?" The dealer coolly asked, "What's the matter with the horse?" The dupe replied: "You know well enough. He interferes badly." With a curt "Well, he doesn't interfere with anybody but himself, does he?" the fake dealer brushed the matter aside, and the purchaser found himself without a remedy.—Philadelphia Record.

A Great Military Feat.
Nonza, in Corsica, is very proud of the story of a great military feat performed there long ago. It is told in "Romantic Corsica," by George Renwick.
The French in 1768 had subjugated all the northern cape with the exception of the tower of Nonza, which for a considerable time sustained a close siege. Attacking parties were driven back by a fierce fire, but at last the garrison agreed to surrender if allowed to march out with all the honors of war. This was conceded, and old Captain Casella appeared, staggering under a load of muskets and pistols.
"Why is the garrison so long in coming out?" asked the French commander.
"It is here, sir," replied Casella. "I am the garrison."

Glass Solvent.
Hydrofluoric acid is an acid compound of hydrogen and fluorine. It may be prepared by the action of sulphuric acid upon cryolite in an appropriate apparatus made of lead or platinum. It may thus be readily obtained in a liquid form and is colorless. Its vapors are exceedingly poisonous, and the liquid itself, even when mixed with more or less water causes severe swellings on the skin. Great care must therefore be taken in working with this acid. Hydrofluoric acid dissolves glass, forming hydrofluosilicic acid with its silica; hence is used for making etchings on glass.—Exchange.

They Come Later.
The Young Wife (showing her furniture)—Here's the rocking chair for the parlor. Isn't it just lovely? Mrs. Oldley (rather critically)—But I don't see any rockers, dear. The Young Wife—Oh, they'll be here next month. You see, we are buying the chair on the installment plan, and we have paid for the rockers yet.—Chicago News.

Well Settled.
Riggs—Did your wife's father settle anything on you when you married his daughter? Briggs—You bet he did. He settled himself on us, and we can get rid of him.—Boston Transcript.

Bringing Her Round.
Bingo (tiptoeing into his wife's room, in a whisper)—I've brought three friends home to dinner unexpectedly. Mrs. Bingo (aghast)—What? Bingo—Yes, I have. They're down stairs.
Mrs. Bingo—You wretch! Bingo—Now, my dear, I couldn't get out of it.
Mrs. Bingo (laughingly)—Then you'll have to take the consequences.
Bingo—You'll have to put up with practically nothing.
Mrs. Bingo—That's what I told them.
Mrs. Bingo—You did?
Bingo—Yes, I told them that they needn't expect a single thing; that we'd scrape round in the kitchen if necessary, and pick up whatever we could and that as I hadn't let you know, that was the best we could do.
Mrs. Bingo—What did you tell them that for?
Bingo—It's the truth, isn't it?
Mrs. Bingo—Certainly not. As if it makes any difference to me how many friends you bring home! I'll show you!—London Tit-Bits.

Little Known Republics.
Within the domain of the United States on the North American continent there have been diverse independent republics, says Mary W. Hazeltine in Harper's Magazine, the very name of three of which is known to but a few. How many Americans of today have heard, for example, of the commonwealth of Watauga, which in 1779 was organized as an independent community by North Carolinians who had crossed the Alleghenies and, descending into the basin of the Tennessee, had made themselves homes in the valley of the Watauga river? How many remember the commonwealth of Franklin, which was organized in the eastern part of what is now Kentucky in 1776 and which sent to the Continental Congress a delegate, who, however, was not admitted? How many have heard of the short lived state of Franklin, or Frankland, which at a somewhat later period was self created out of certain western counties of North Carolina?

A Remarkable Concert.
A Carlsbad letter calls attention to a remarkable concert which took place at the Spa on Aug. 1812, a program of which is still preserved in the city archives at that place. The entertainment was given for the benefit of the sufferers by the fire which had laid waste Baden and took place at the Saechelscher Saal. The only performers were Beethoven and Polledro, who played their own compositions. There were two pianoforte and two violin solos and several numbers in which both took part, says the writer. The account of the entertainment also mentions the fact that one of the interested listeners was a "tall, elderly man, wearing a great blue coat, who sat perfectly erect throughout the performance, never looking anywhere but at the stage. This was Goethe." The amount realized for the fund was about \$200. The letter ends with, "Beethoven at the piano for charity and box receipts \$200."

A Dog's Tongue.
Have you ever wanted to know why a dog's tongue lolls out of his mouth on a hot day or when he has been running? People sometimes say that it is because he is thirsty, but that isn't exactly right. If you look at it you will see little drops of water dripping from it. Well, you know that when you get very warm you get covered with perspiration. The dog's body never perspires. When he gets hot all the moisture comes out through his tongue, and as the moisture on the tongue dries up the dog's body cools.—Philadelphia Press.

How He Took It.
"In training," said an instructor in athletics, "the strictest obedience is required. Whenever I think of the glory of training I think of Dash, who, after eighteen years of married life, is one of the best and happiest husbands in the world."
"Dash, I once said to him, 'well, Dash, old man, how do you take married life?'"
"According to directions, he replied."

The Sixth Sense.
In a primary school examination over which I once had the pleasure to preside one of the questions was with regard to the five senses. One of the bright pupils handled the subject thus: "The five senses are sneezing, sobbing, crying, yawning and coughing. By the sixth sense is meant an extra one which some folks have. This is sneezing."—Woman's Home Companion.

Merely a Question of Comfort.
"Now, doctor," complained a bilious patient, "my great trouble is elephants—lak ones. Not that I object to elephants, you understand. I like them, but they do crowd one so."—Success Magazine.

Kindness.
Kind looks, kind words, kind acts and warm handshakes, these are secondary means of grace when men are in trouble and are fighting their unseen battles.—Dr. John Hall.

Hearing the Silence.
Little Phyllis was at a concert. The leader rapped, and the buzz of conversation ceased. "Oh, mamma," exclaimed Phyllis, "listen to the bush!"—Exchange.

There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many.—Emerson.

A WOMAN'S HAT.

There's a Large Pot of Trouble Brewing For One Milliner.
Mr. Standish was mad when he went into the millinery establishment and the longer he stayed the madder he got. Presently he walked over to a stunning black creation that hung on a peg near the window and said:
"This is the hat I want to see you about."
The proprietor came forward.
"What can I do for you?" he asked.
"You can fix this hat over the way my wife asked you to," said Standish explosively. "She wants the feather put on the other side, that bow moved to the front, and she wants the rim to bulge a little more over the temples."
Seeing a guilty flush creep over the proprietor's face, Standish went on with increased heat:
"She says you have refused to make any alterations on the ground that the hat is bound to ruin it, but I tell you that's all nonsense. My wife knows how she wants her hat to look, and I don't see how she can stand up for her rights if I don't for her. She is coming around this afternoon to try the hat on again. If it isn't ready by that time there will be no end of a row."
The proprietor wiped the black hat on his forefinger and looked from it to the head saleswoman lugubrously.
"I remember," he said, "that the lady who ordered that hat did bring it back yesterday to be remodeled. Perhaps it will be possible to make the alterations suggested after all."
The manager's humility made Standish feel very proud of himself.
"That's the only way to deal with those fellows," he said when he left the shop. "You've got to meet them on their own level. It takes a man to do that. No wonder women get cheated out of their very eyes. They haven't got sand enough to say the things that have to be said to secure their rights."
Throughout the day Standish continued to revel in self congratulations, and he actually went home half an hour ahead of time to see if his wife's hat had been metamorphosed into the thing of beauty he had suggested.
"Well," said he jubilantly, "was the hat all right?"
"All right?" said Mrs. Standish. "They hadn't even touched it. How could you expect it to be all right when you didn't stop in to see about it?"
"But I did stop," protested Standish. "I saw everybody about the place and laid the whole establishment out in grand shape. Here's their card to prove I was there. I picked it up as I was passing out."
Mrs. Standish took up the card and read the name aloud.
"O-o-o-h!" she cried. "Is that where you went? Why, you got into the wrong place. What on earth will that manager think? He must think you are crazy."
"I don't care if he does," said Standish limply, "but I would like to know what the owner of that black hat will say when she sees it made over according to my directions."—New York Herald.

Economical.
A good story is related of an English theatrical manager who by thrift and hard work had amassed a fortune. Previous to the production of one play the stage carpenters had to repair a trap, and the head carpenter went to the manager and informed him that it could not be done in the dark.
"Well, lad, they won't have t' gas," answered the manager. "Here, tak' this and buy a candle."
And he handed him a halfpenny.
The carpenter pleaded that they wanted two in order to get sufficient light.
"How long will t' job tak' thee?" asked the manager.
"About ten minutes," was the reply.
"Then cut t' candle in two," was the answer. "Thee won't have any more money."
Physiognomy.

It is impossible to say just when physiognomy began to be a "science." It is said that the celebrated Pythagoras founded the science about B. C. 540. It is spoken of by Hippocrates about B. C. 450, but he does not attempt to go into the discussion of its origin. The first systematic treatise on the subject that has come down to us is that attributed to Aristotle. Throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries there were many publications on physiognomy.—Exchange.

The Nautical Idiom.
In "Glimpses of East Africa" Mrs. Ethel Younghusband tells an amusing story of a venerable Parsee who was on board a big liner going to England. Some one wishing to make himself agreeable went up to him and said, "I hope, sir, you are a good sailor."
"Sailor, indeed!" said the Parsee. "Why, I am a first class passenger!"

A Rod in Pickle.
Mrs. Goodsole—Why, Johnny, are you just going home now? Your mother's been looking for you all afternoon.
Johnny—Yes'm, I know. Mrs. Goodsole—Just think how worried she must be! Johnny—Oh, she's near the end of her worrying. I'm jest beginning mine.

Proof.
"How do you know she's older than you are?"
"Why, she admitted it herself. She said 'You and I are just the same age, dearie.'"—Cleveland Leader.

Among men some have virtues concealed by wealth and some their vices by poverty.—Theganis.

OLD FAMILIES.

Some in Europe and in the Orient That Are Really Ancient.
In Great Britain and on the continent those families pride themselves that count their ancestry through ten generations, but their claims to really ancient lineage seem insignificant when compared with those of certain houses in the orient.
We read that the oldest family in Great Britain, the Mar family in Scotland, may trace its pedigree to 1093. Then, too, we have the Campbells of Argyll, whose date is put down at 1199. The Grosvenor family, that of the Dukes of Westminster, refers its origin to the same year that the Conqueyos "came over"—i. e., 1066. The Austrian house of Hapsburg goes back farther than that, its date being 952, while the Bourbons proudly mention 854 as the date of their origin.
But none of them is to be mentioned with the same breath with the emperor of Japan, whose office has been filled by members of his family for a period of over 2,500 years, the present ruler being the one hundred and twenty second in the line. The first emperor of Japan sat on the throne about the time when Nebuchadnezzar was flourishing in the East, in 650 B. C.

Another oriental branch, the descendants of Mohammed, presents claims not to be dismissed. The prophet was born in 670, and a list of his descendants has been carefully retained, being duly set forth in a volume kept in Mecca. Little or no doubt exists of the authenticity of the long list of names of Mohammed's descendants as registered in this sacred book.—Harper's Weekly.

WANTED NO FUSS.

Any Old Thing Would Do For Dinner, So She Said.
Mrs. Betsy Baxter was the last person in the world to want anybody to make trouble on her account. When she "dropped in" on Mrs. Doolittle unexpectedly for dinner one day she made her position on this point quite clear. "Don't you go to a mile or bother on my account, Miss Doolittle. You know that I'm a person for whom you can just lay down an extra plate and set before me anything you happen to have in the house."
"If you just fry a chicken same as you would for your own folks, an' make up a pan o' your tea biscuits that no one can beat, an' open a glass o' your red currant jelly, an' have a dish o' your quince preserves, an' some o' your pound cake you most always have in your cake jar, you do that, an' have some piping hot apple fritters with hot maple sirup to go with 'em, an' some o' your good coffee, an' any vegetables you happen to have in the house—I fix like sweet potatoes the way you fix 'em mighty—but, la, just have anything else you happen to have."
"I'm one that expects an' is willing to eat what's set before me, an' no questions asked nor fault found when I go visiting. So don't you put yourself out a mile for me. If you have what I've mentioned an' anything else you want to have I'll be satisfied. I ain't one that cares very much about what I eat anyhow. As the saying is, 'any old thing' will do for me."—Puck.

Recipe For a Flower Garden.
Take twenty square yards of sand and pebbles, stir in sufficient clay to make a compact water tight mass, ram down hard and score the surface with a rake. Add carefully ten packets of seeds of the most magnificent flower known that will grow anywhere and under any conditions, throwing up a continuous succession of enormous flower trusses from March to November, each about five inches across and of the richest and most glowing tints. This is the commonest of all flowers and will be found listed on any page of any florist's catalogue. Set the whole out to rise, keeping it moist and warm. After allowing the mass to rise four months sprinkle red spiders and green aphides plentifully over the top and soak well with tears. The net result may be preserved in a small bottle of alcohol for future reference.—Philadelphia North American.

An Open Air Hotel.
A man from the west was looking for a friend in New York who had gone wrong. He heard his friend had been sleeping on the benches in Bryant park and went over there to look for him. There were a good many unfortunate on the benches, but the particular friend the westerner wanted to find was not there. However, the westerner did find another man from his own town whom he knew and who knew the man for whom he was searching.
"Where's Jones?" asked the westerner, prodding the man he knew.
"Aw," replied the hobo sleepily, "he ain't come in yet."—New York Sun.

Nothing More to Be Said.
"My wife always lets me have the last word," remarked the meek-looking man.
"Indeed!" exclaimed his friend in tones which implied a doubt of the other's veracity.
"She does, really. Whenever I say 'Yes, my dear, you are quite right,' she stops talking immediately."

Her Little Joke.
"When Harold proposed to me," said Maud, "I told him to go and ask papa." "But you don't really care for him," said Maudie. "Of course not. But I do so love to play little jokes on papa."—Washington Star.

Nothing is little that is our duty, and a common life with homely surroundings is the best discipline for most of us.

A BAG OF GOLF CLUBS.

They Picture in a Way the Various Phases of Human Society.
Devotees of the links will be interested to learn that, in the opinion of a Philosophical student of their ancient game, a bag of golf clubs is a symbolical epitome of human society.
In the front rank you have the driver, smooth, polished, elegant, the aristocrat of the circle, to whose lot falls the showy role in the day's performance, who disdains to play his part on the level of his fellows, and must give his sphere of operations' artificially raised above the plane of the common earth. The brassy is your rich commoner, substituting a barrier of metal for the tee that confers rank on his social superior. After these come the humble creaks, lofters and maddles, the common herd, who, like the hatters, shoemakers, and tillers of the ground among human beings, have the bulk of the work to do, and can afford no polish save what comes from keeping themselves clean, which at times is no easy task. Apart from them all stands the nitlick, the good Samaritan of golf, resorted to only when the player is in a serious difficulty. The function of the nitlick is to aid the golfer in the day of trouble, and his destiny, after having done his duty in that state of life, is to be relegated to the limbo of forgetfulness.—Argonaut.

AN ALGERIAN HOTEL.

The Attempt to Describe Its Attractions in English.
Things are not always as they seem, even in an advertisement. This truth dawned upon Robert Crawford when he was in Algiers, and he tells the "reason for his conclusion in "Reminiscences of Foreign Travel." Mr. Crawford, it being satisfied with his lodgings, occurred to him to copy the Journal des Voyages and proceeded to look up a hotel.
After a patient investigation the choice seemed to lie between two. One, according to the notice, possessed "every English comfort" and had "large as well as small apartments. The other—and I was 'strongly drawn to it"—advertised as follows:
Fir-Glass House.
O.
Full South.
Mid of large Parc.
Tramways to and from town every 15 minutes.
I found the place. To my surprise there was no conservatory or glass house of any kind and no fir trees. As I pondered over the fact the solution suddenly came to me—it was a "first class house," of course. What of the rest of the advertisement? The hotel had a southern aspect and was situated in a park. As for the tramway, that was pure fiction.

Such a Bore to Dress.
A belated traveler who was compelled to stay all night in a backwoods cabin says that soon after the frugal meal a tall, gaunt youth of eighteen and an equally sallow and gaunt girl of seventeen, both barefooted, took their hats from wooden pegs in the wall and prepared to go out, whereupon the mother, taking her pipe from between her teeth, said reprovingly:
"Go 'long an' wash your feet, Levi—you and Looly, both! Hain't you 'shamed to go off to an evenin' party without washin' your feet?"
They obeyed, but as Levi took the wash-basin from a bench by the door he said with a grumble:
"I'd 'bout as soon stay home from a party as to have to fix up for it."

Diving Birds.
Water birds which are ordinarily able to float high on the water can also sink at will by expelling the air which is inclosed within the film of feathers surrounding their bodies, thus making them heavier than water. This mechanical trick on the part of diving birds is probably familiar to all who have watched the kingfisher at close quarters and have noted the sudden contraction in the bird's apparent size as it takes the plunge. This is much more easily observed in the case of the starling, which sometimes imitates the kingfisher by plunging into water for food. The shrinkage of the bird in apparent size is very apparent when, after hovering above the surface, it turns downward to dive.—Zoologist.

The Telltale.
A college girl told how she had been cured of the ugly habit, when a little girl, of sticking out her tongue when writing. She was working on a writing lesson one day when the teacher called to her the full length of the room:
"Mary you are making capital L's when I asked for capital P's."
"How did you know that I was wrong?" the little girl asked.
"I could tell," said the teacher, "by your tongue."—Detroit Free Press.

The Best He Could Do.
Noble Sportsman—Whatever it I've shot, it makes a most unearthly row. Keeper—Yes; poor Bill ain't got a musical voice, 'as 'e? But I heard him say he was going to take singing lessons.—London Tit-Bits.

A Stop Order.
Maud—Tom had me talk into a phonograph so he can hear my voice while I'm away. Clara—How lovely! And he can stop the machine!—Puck.

The Aim of a Woman.
The police records show that some woman who can't hit the side of a barn with a stone have remarkable aim with a satiron.—Exchange.

Alban and Gye.
The story of Mme. Alban's first London engagement is as follows: Colonel Maples heard of her singing at a theatre in Malta, and, thinking that she would be successful, he made her an offer through an agent of a contract to sing in Her Majesty's theater. She agreed to it and went to London, but, on arriving there she told the cabman to drive her to the Italian opera houses. Instead of going to Her Majesty's she took her to Covent Garden, which was also devoted to Italian opera. She was shown up to the manager's office and stated that she had come to sign the contract which Mr. Mapleson had offered her. Mr. Gye, thinking to play a joke on his rival, Mapleson, made out a contract, and Alban signed it. Mr. Gye then told her that he was not Colonel Mapleson, but that he could do much better by her. He offered to tear up the contract if she liked, and told her that Nilsson was singing at Her Majesty's and would brook no rival. Alban decided to let the contract stand and thus became one of the stars of Covent Garden, eventually marrying the son of Mr. Gye.

The Final Plea.
A Chicago man appeared at the White House one day during the McKinley administration with a petition containing 7,000 names recommending him for appointment as Brazilian minister. He was a picture framer, and when he was canvassing for orders he took along his petition and asked every body in the picture frame business to sign it. Almost everybody did. The man was insistent and finally reached the president. Always gentle and considerate President McKinley explained to the candidate that he would have to consult the Illinois senators and representatives about the matter before making the appointment. "You know," said the president, "I have to select big men for these big places."
"Well," cried the picture framer, "won't I be just as big as any of them if I get the job?"—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

The Lost Umbrella.
"I have been coming here for my lunch for years, but never again," said a man to the head waiter of a downtown restaurant recently. "Sorry," began the waiter. "Sorry nothing." I left the umbrella here not five minutes ago, there was no one near our table, and the waiter must have seen it." "If we find it"—"Find it? It is four o'clock, I tell you, and I'll have it now or you'll never see me here again." The man, flushed with excitement, was walking away when he was hailed by a man who had entered by the rear door: "Say, Frank, is this your umbrella? I picked it up when we finished lunch. Glad you were still here." "Here, but not still," the head waiter whined. "The umbrella has been found, but our customer has been lost for a few days. He'll be ashamed to come in for a little while."—New York Tribune.

Gone For Good.
Some folks in foreign lands have their own way of determining whether their relatives who have migrated to this land of ours have become hopelessly Americanized. One old lady in Germany reached her conclusion in a way that can be appreciated only by those who know the type of the German butter dish, deep as a bowl, and the German reverence therefor. Last week her granddaughter in New York received this sad lament:
"You will never come back. You are lost to us. Hans (a cousin) arrive here from New York on Monday and reports that you have even given up our deep German butter dishes and are using those shallow little plates that Americans like."—New York Times.

Modern Kids.
"So you've got your new little brother?" asked the visitor. "Yes, dearie, will you sell him to me? I'll give you \$1 for every ounce he weighs." "No, I won't!" answered the angel child.
"Dear, loyal little sister!" beamed the visitor. "And why not?"
"Because," answered the tiny tot, with a quivering lip—"because he only weighs six pounds. Come back next month or I'll see if we can't make a deal."—Cleveland Leader.

His Weak Point.
A man who takes a business view of things when recently asked his opinion of a person of quite a poetic temperament replied:
"Oh, he's one of those men who have scowls after the infinite and dawns after the unfathomable, but who never pay cash."

The Case Altered.
Brown—Is it correct to speak of a man as "of the male persuasion?" Jones—Yes, if the subject is not married.
"What has that to do with the matter?"
"Why, when he is married his wife persuades him."

Recipe For Longevity.
People live longer in North Carolina than anywhere else in the world, chiefly because they lead the simple life, drink buttermilk and eat blackberries fresh in summer and dried in winter.—Raleigh News and Observer.

No Profit in It.
"What are you kicking about? She returned all your presents, didn't she?" "Yes, but the expressage amounted to more than the presents were worth."

WANTED NO FUSS. ANY OLD THING WOULD DO FOR DINNER, SO SHE SAID. RECIPE FOR A FLOWER GARDEN. AN ALGERIAN HOTEL. THE ATTEMPT TO DESCRIBE ITS ATTRIBUTES IN ENGLISH. SUCH A BORE TO DRESS. DIVING BIRDS. THE TELLTALE. HIS WEAK POINT. THE CASE ALTERED. RECIPE FOR LONGEVITY. NO PROFIT IN IT.

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Cobb Bros. & Co. NORFOLK, VA. Cotton Buyers, Brokers in Stock, Cotton, Grain and Provisions. PRIVATE WIRE to New York, Chicago and New Orleans.

The Truthful Mariner Tells How Fast the Big Fellow Went. "Sometimes you can put an iron into a whale and he won't splash on the surface, but will start off like a rocket or perhaps will go right down and you have to cut loose and lose your line and iron," said the truthful old mariner.

"We were lying becalmed one day off the Cape of Good Hope. By and by we saw two or three whales coming up to blow about two miles away. "The captain called the watch up, and a couple of boats started for the whales, which were lying still, as if sunning themselves. We raced with the other boat and got ahead, for my men were lithe and tough, and by and by we got alongside of one of the big fellows. The steering oar was pulled in, the oars were packed—that is, piled in so that they couldn't strike the water—then an iron was thrown into the floating island.

"The whale lay still for a moment, as if struck with amazement that any one should dare to touch him. Suddenly he made up his mind what to do. He started off like a locomotive, the rope whizzing around in a way to astonish a landlubber. When the rope was out we were rushing by the captain's boat like mad. "All we could do in that double ended boat was to sit still and see her go through the water. I candidly believe that we went at the rate of a mile a minute, and the water was a very wonderful sight. It reminds me, now that I think of it, of Poe's description of the interior of the maelstrom, where the water went round so fast and was so black that it must have seemed like a wall of polished ebony. "The pressure downward plied the water up on both sides of us so that it seemed to be at least three feet higher than the edge of the boat, but it couldn't run in, for we were going so fast it hadn't time.

"Every one's eyes were blurred by the wind, which seemed to be blowing a hurricane against us. It looked as if the whale would never get tired out, and we were going to sea at an amazing rate. The ship went away as if by magic, and we had lost sight of the other boat. Finally the line all at once slackened. "The whale hadn't stopped and, for all I know, is going ahead at the rate of a mile a minute still, but the iron had come out. "We rowed back to the ship, and as we came along the captain called over the rail: "Where's the whale? "Oh," said I, "the iron melted out, he went so fast."

"Just what I thought," said the captain, and that night we all had plum duff and grog.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

How Queen Elizabeth Ordered a Coat. In a note at Southby's, in London, the following document written on vellum and bearing Queen Elizabeth's sign manual was sold: "Elizabeth, by the grace of God Queen (sic) of England, France (sic) and Ireland, defender of the faith, etc., we will and commande you forthwith upon the sighte hereof to deliver, or cause to be delivered to our well beloved servante, Ralf Brooke, Esquire, alias Yorke, one of our herauldes of Armes, one cote deplected with our Armes on Satten with fine golde in ovle of like stuxze lengthe and breadeth as heretofore hath bene accustomed.

"Westminster, the XXIVth date of Januarye. In the thirey fourth yere of our raigne. "To our trustie and well beloved servante, John Pfortescue, Esquire, Master of our great wardrobe."

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GOWANS King of Externals Is the Original in the field of external remedies for all forms of inflammation such as pneumonia, croup and colds. Nothing can approach Gowans. It stands supreme. We have been selling Gowans Preparation for Pneumonia and Colds ever since it was put on the market, and have found it one of our most satisfactory sellers. CARPENTER BROS., Wholesale and Retail Druggists, Greenville, S. C., July 9, 1910. BUY TO-DAY! HAVE IT IN THE HOME All Druggists. \$1. 50c. 25c. GOWAN MEDICAL CO., DURHAM, N. C. Guaranteed, and money refunded by your Druggist!

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A Dramatic Incident of the Fateful Hundred Days. ONE OF NAPOLEON'S COUPS. The Way of the Great Military Genius Overcame the First Opposition He Encountered on the March to Paris After His Return From Elba. A striking incident in the career of Napoleon is described by Camille Coquaud in his book, "Le Retour de l'Isle d'Elbe" ("The Return From the Island of Elba"). It describes how he met the first opposition offered to his march to Paris after his escape from Elba: "Meanwhile Napoleon had traveled by the Alps to Dauphine, advancing into the interior of the country. Having received information on Sunday, the 4th of March, the prefect of l'Isere had immediately, in concert with the military authority, taken measures to deal with the startling situation. A detachment composed of a battalion of the Fifth regiment of the line and two companies of engineers was dispatched to prevent the further advance of the emperor. "The meeting between this detachment and the little troop from the Isle of Elba took place on the 7th of March near Vizille, but before the peasants had had time to hasten to inform Napoleon of the antagonistic disposition of the officers commanding the troops which had been sent from Grenoble. In order to avoid the shedding of blood the emperor ordered Cambonne, who was accompanied by a small escort, to enter into treaty with the cocardes blanches (white cockades). Cambonne found the detachment ranged in order of battle. The commanding officer refused to enter into communication, and the soldiers remained silent and gloomy. "Napoleon immediately took his share in the proceedings. He gave the order to his grenadiers to put their rifles under their arms, in order to give proof of their pacific dispositions. Then he advanced alone, while some of his friends cried to the soldiers of the line: "Friends, do not fire! There is the emperor, who wishes to speak to you." "Napoleon now found himself about thirty meters from the Grenoble detachment. He dismounted and, his arms crossed on his breast, remained standing in the middle of the road. "Soldiers of the Fifth," he said in a loud tone—"soldiers of the Fifth, do you recognize me? "Yes, yes!" they all replied. "Then Napoleon, throwing open his gray cloak with a dramatic gesture and pointing to his breast with his hands, replied: "If there is one among you who wishes to kill his general, his emperor, he can do it. Here I am!" "The response was unanimous, sublime: "Long live the emperor! Long live the emperor!" "Breaking the ranks, their shakos at the ends of the swords or on the bayonets, the soldiers of the Fifth, to whom were joined the engineers, ran toward Napoleon, surrounded him, embraced him, kissed his hands, called him their preserver, their father, their general, their emperor. Finally the two detachments mingled together and became consolidated. Napoleon then had 2,000 men with whom to march on to Grenoble. "They took the road, and it was a triumphal march. The people of the district came to meet the column, acclaiming Napoleon as the liberator of the nation and as the living incarnation of the revolution. "The peasants wept with joy. At this sight the emperor, turning toward his officers, Drouot and Bertrand, said to them: "Everything is now in good order. Within ten days we shall be at the Tuilleries!"

Song of the Flame. Fire can be made to sing. A writer says: "Take a lighted candle and blow gently against the flame. You will hear a peculiar fluttering sound. The fluttering sound is fire's first attempts at music. Instead of the unsteady breath of our lips let us employ the steady blast of a blowpipe. Instead of the pale and flickering light of a candle let us use the bright and ardent glare of a chemist's lamp. When you have a lamp and blowpipe you can make fire sing in earnest."

An Evident Success. "So you have a position as stenographer. I hope you will succeed in making yourself indispensable to your employer." "I think I have, auntie. We are to be married next month."—Pittsburg Post.

Lucky. "Noah must have felt lucky when he landed after his long sail." "Yes," replied the New York importer. "Think of a man landing all that cargo without a customs official to say a word!"—Washington Star.

Just What He Wanted. "Is your suburb wholesome?" "No, old chap, it ain't. My wife lost her voice as soon as we moved out here, and—" "What's the price of the lot next to yours?"—Cleveland Leader.

Concentration is the secret of strength in politics, in war, in trade.—Emerson.

First Census Proposal in England Raised a Fine Row. It was in 1753 that a proposal to count the people was first made. Thomas Potter, son of the archbishop of Canterbury and member for St. Germans, introduced in that year a bill "for taking and registering an annual account of the total number of the people and of the total number of marriages, births and deaths and also of the total number of poor receiving alms from every parish and extra parochial place in Great Britain." It was inevitable, of course, that directly this proposal was made the precedent of King David should be quoted. And many were the jeremiads as to the alternative evils which would befall the country. Those submitted to David were mild in comparison. Mr. Thornton, member for York city, said: "I did not believe that there was any set of men or indeed any individual of the human species so presumptuous and so abandoned as to make the proposal we have just heard. I hold this subject to be totally subversive of the last remains of English liberty. The new bill will direct the imposition of new taxes, and indeed the addition of a very few words will make it the most effectual engine of rapacity and oppression that was ever used against an injured people. Moreover, an annual register of our people will acquaint our enemies abroad with our weakness."

Matthew Ridley, another opposing member, added that his constituents looked on the proposal as ominous and feared lest some public misfortune or an epidemic disaster should follow the numbering. However, the bill passed the commons only to be promptly rejected by the lords. Not until 1800 was the proposal again made, and on this occasion it was brought to a successful issue. The first census of England and Wales was taken in March, 1801.—Westminster Gazette.

WASHINGTON'S TIPS AND COMPLIMENTS TO PATTY AND POLLY. Those who take tipping in the somewhat solemn spirit of the social investigator may find their minds enlivened by the perusal of an excerpt from the writings of our first president, which shows what a graceful turn appreciation and courtesy may give to the custom.

In 1789, on his return from his New England progress, Washington lodged at Taft's inn, at Uxbridge, Mass., where the domestic service—as at many inns in the country—was performed by the landlord's daughters. Somewhat later Washington wrote to Mr. Taft: Hartford, 8 November, 1789. Sir—Being informed that you have given my name to one of your sons and called another after Mrs. Washington's family, and being, moreover, very much pleased with the modest and innocent looks of your two daughters, Patty and Polly, I do for these reasons send each of these girls a piece of chintz, and to Patty, who bears the name of Mrs. Washington and who waited upon us more than Polly did, I send 5 guineas, with which she may buy herself any little ornaments she may want, or she may dispose of them in any other manner more agreeable to herself. As I do not give these things with a view to have it talked of or even to its being known, the less there is said about it the better you will please me, but that I may be sure the chintz and money have got safe to hand let Patty, who I dare say is equal to it, write me a line informing me thereof, directed to "The President of the United States at New York." I wish you and your family well and am your humble servant, GO. WASHINGTON.

The Shark is a Slow Swimmer. One ill service nature has done the shark—namely, that of placing a triangular fin on his back which acts as a danger signal and gives warning of his approach. Happily the shark has not been gifted with sufficient sagacity to be aware of this peculiarity, for had he been so he would unquestionably abandon his habit of swimming close to the surface of the water and would in that case be enabled to approach his victim unobserved. The shark is a slow swimmer for his size and strength. Byron observes, "As darts the dolphin from the shark." But Byron was a poet and does not appear to have been a close observer of the habits of inhabitants of the water or he would have known that a shark would have no more chance of catching a dolphin than a sheep would of overhauling a hare.

Sardine Fishing. In sardine fishing there are many uncertainties. There is a twenty-eight foot rise and fall of tide in the bay of Fundy, and especially constructed wooden picket inclosures are staked out in the water to gather in the fish. Last season a man erected an inclosure in what he supposed to be excellent fishing territory, but got nothing. He deplored his loss and for a time failed to go near it. "Why don't you selve it again?" somebody asked. "What's the use?" he replied. "Let me try it," the other persisted. "Yes, and you may have all the fish you get." The other man pulled out \$1,700 worth at one haul.—Frank Leslie's.

A Sailor's Hands. A sailor is betrayed by his hands, though his gait might betray him. They are permanently half shut. Walking, talking or sleeping the sailor has his hands half shut and could not open them flat if he tried. This is the result of years of climbing and pulling ropes.—London Chronicle.

The Joke on Her. The Friend—Your wife doesn't appear to be in very good humor. Husband—No; she thinks I've invited you to dinner.—Jean Qui Rit

THE GREENVILLE BANKING and TRUST CO. AT GREENVILLE, IN THE STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA At the close of business Sept. 1, 1910

Table with columns: RESOURCES, LIABILITIES. Resources include Loans and discounts, Overdrafts secured and unsecured, Furniture and Fixtures, Demand loans, Due from banks and bankers, Cash items, Silver coin, National bank notes and other U. S. notes. Total: \$239,341.14. Liabilities include Capital stock paid in, Surplus fund, Undivided profits, less current exp. and taxes paid, Notes and bills rediscounted, Bills payable, Time cer. of dep., Dep. sub check, Cash's chks out'g, Due to banks and bankers. Total: \$239,341.14.

State of North Carolina, County of Pitt, ss: I, C. S. Carr, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. C. S. CARR, Cashier.

Correct—Attest: A. M. MOSELEY, CHAS. COBB, R. O. JEFFRIES, Directors. Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 8th day of Sept., 1910. ANDREW J. MOORE, Notary Public. My commission expires April 13, 1911. 8 22 1

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J. C. LANIER DEALER IN Monuments Tomb Stones Iron Fencing Greenville, N. C. If trouble were a bull it would just be some men's luck to be born red rags.

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see us.

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HOUSE-FURNISHINGS. Everything needed
from Parlor to Kitchen at prices that will make
you sit up and take notice.

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Subscribe to The Reflector.

PICKING HUSBANDS.

A Woman's Cynical View of the Ger-
man Marriage Market.

The men in Germany do not marry.
They are married. They are more or
less passive articles of sale, which
stand in rows in the matrimonial shop
window with their price labeled in
large letters in their buttonhole, wait-
ing patiently for a purchaser. They
are perfectly willing, even eager, vic-
tims. They want to be bought, but
their position does not allow them to
grasp the initiative, and they are
thankful when at last some one comes
along and declares herself capable and
willing to pay the price.

The girl and her mother, with their
purse in hand, pass the articles in re-
view and choose out the one which
best suits their means and fancy.

"I shall marry an officer," one girl
told me some time ago with the easy
confidence of a person about to order
a new dress, and, lo and behold, be-
fore the year was out she was walking
proudly on the arm of a dragon Heu-
tenant! I even knew of three women
who swore to each other that they
would marry only geniuses, and here
also they had their will. One married
a great painter, one a poet and another
a famous diplomatist. That they were
all three peculiarly unhappy is not a
witness against the system, but a
proof that geniuses may occasionally
be very uncomfortable partners. In
this case the purchasers were rich and
popular and could therefore make their
choice. Others of lesser means would
have had to content themselves with
an officer, cavalry or infantry, accord-
ing to the "d.t." of a lawyer, or a doc-
tor, or a merchant, and so on down
the scale.—Miss Wylie's "My German
Year."

ODDLY EXPRESSED.

Queer Ways in Which Ideas Are
Sometimes Put Into Words.

Curious ways of expressing ideas in
English may be expected from foreign-
ers, as, for instance, when the French-
man, who made a call in the country
and was about to be introduced to the
family, said: "Ah, ze ladies! Zen I
would before, if you please, vish to
purify mine 'auds and to sweep mine
hair."

A Scotch publican was complaining
of his servant maid. He said that
she could never be found when want-
ed. "She'll gang out o' the house,"
he said, "twenty times for once she'll
come in."

A countryman went to a menagerie
to examine the wild beasts. Several
gentlemen expressed the opinion that
the orang outang was a lower order of
the human species. Hodge did not
like this idea and, striding up to the
gentleman, expressed his contempt for
it in these words: "Pooh! He's no
more of the human species than I be."
"Mamma, is that a spotted child?"
asked a little boy on seeing a negro
baby for the first time.

A shop exhibits a card warning ev-
erybody against unscrupulous persons
"who infringe our title to deceive the
public." The shopman does not quite
say what he means any more than
the proprietor of an eating house near
the dock, on the door of which may be
read the following announcement con-
veying fearful intelligence to the gal-
lant tars who frequent this port:
"Sailors' vitals cooked here."—Phila-
delphia North American.

Definition of True Humor.

The sense of humor is the "saving
sense" principally because it saves us
from ourselves. The person who can-
not laugh at himself now and then is
to be pitied. Moreover, the person
who cannot take good naturedly the
occasional bantering of others is in
the same class of disagreeables. A
well directed shaft of rally will
often find the vulnerable point in our
armor of self complacency and show
us where our self satisfaction is all
wrong. True humor, however, must
spring as much from the heart as from
the head. Its essence must be truth
and friendliness, not contempt. There
never was a good joke yet that told a
lie or besmirched a reputation. Humor
which carries with it a sting to wound
the sensitiveness or delicacy of one
who does not deserve to suffer is not
true humor.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Professional Instinct.

"Romeo and Juliet," with the origi-
nal company, had reached its crucial
moment.

Juliet was staggering about the
stage, regarding her afflicted lover.
"Oh, cruel poison!" she wailed.
She raised her lover for a moment
in her arms.

A wildly excited medical student in
the gallery sprang to his feet.
"Keep him up, Juliet—keep him up!"
he bellowed. "I'll run out and fetch
the stomach pump!"

A Run of Luck.

Violet-I never had such a streak of
luck. He fell in love in Paris, proposed
in Rome and bought the ring in Na-
ples. Pierrot—Did your luck end there?
Violet—Oh, no! While we were at
Monte Carlo he won enough from papa
for us to get married on.—London Il-
lustrated Bits.

The Silver Lining.

In life troubles will come which look
as if they would never pass away. The
night and the storm, look as if they
would last forever, but the coming of
the calm and the morning cannot be
stayed.

The reward of one duty is the power
to fulfill another.

NOISE OF THUNDER.

Due to Heating of Gases Along the
Line of Electric Discharge.

To Professor Trowbridge we owe an
experiment to explain the noise of
thunder. It has usually been thought
that the noise is caused by the clos-
ing up of the vacuum created by the
passage of lightning, the air rushing
in from all sides with a clap, but the
intensity of the noise is rather dis-
proportionate, and it is now supposed
that the thunder is due to the intense
heating of the gases, especially the
gas of water vapor along the line of
the electric discharge, and the conse-
quent conversion of suspended mois-
ture into steam at enormous pressure.

In this way the crackle with which
a peal of thunder sometimes begins
might be regarded as the sound of
steam explosions on a small scale,
caused by inductive discharges before
the main flash. The rumble would be
the overlapping steam explosions, and
the final clap, which soundest loudest,
would be the steam explosion nearest
to the auditor. In the case of rum-
bling thunder the lightning is passing
from cloud to cloud. When the flash
passes from the earth to the clouds
the clap is loudest at the beginning.
Professor Trowbridge gave sub-
stance to these suppositions by caus-
ing electric flashes to pass from point
to point through terminals clothed in
soaked cotton wool, and he succeeded
in magnifying the crack of the elec-
tric spark to a terrifying extent.—Lon-
don Graphic.

THE BIG DIPPER.

It is the Hour Hand of the Woodman's
Celestial Clock.

The pole star is really the most im-
portant of the stars in our sky. It
marks the north at all times. It alone
is fixed in the heavens. All the other
stars seem to swing around it once in
twenty-four hours.

But the pole star of Polaris is not a
very bright one, and it would be hard
to identify but for the help of the so
called pointers in the "Big Dipper," or
"Great Bear." The outer rim of the
dipper points nearly to Polaris at a
distance equal to three times the space
that separates the two stars of the
dipper's outer side. Various Indians
called the pole star the "Home Star"
and the "Star That Never Moves," and
the dipper they call the "Broken Back."
The "Great Bear" is also to be remem-
bered as the pointers for another rea-
son. It is the hour hand of the wood-
man's clock. It goes once around the
north star in about twenty-four hours,
the reverse way of the hands of a
watch—that is, it goes the same way
as the sun—and for the same reason—
that it is the earth that is going and
leaving them behind.—Country Life
in America.

A Blow Arrested.

An organist who on the eve of a fes-
tival was taken suddenly ill secured
a deputy to take his place. The deputy,
on the authority of St. James' In-
dget, was a gentleman who played
a very full organ, playing full chords
where his principal played only single
notes, and consequently using a much
larger quantity of wind.

When about three parts through with
the "Hallelujah Chorus" the wind sud-
denly gave out. Going round to the
back of the organ to ascertain the rea-
son, the deputy found the blower in
the act of putting on his coat prepara-
tory to going home.

"What do you mean by such behav-
ior?" the deputy angrily expostulated.
"Look here, sir," the blower returned
with warmth, "if you think I don't
know 'ow many puffs it takes to blow
the 'Alleluiah Chorus' you make a
big mistake!"

Helped the Thief.

"A simple, honest Scotch farmer had
taken a sack of meal to dispose of in
Aberdeen castle market," says Mrs
Mayo in her "Recollections of Fifty
Years." "It was in the days when
people were hanged for any petty
theft, and an execution was in pro-
gress, the culprit being a sheep stealer.
The worthy countryman stood agast
when a stranger bustled up with the
question:

"What's a-do?"
"A hanging," said the other, awed,
"for stealing a sheep."
"Eh, what won't folks risk for
gear?" cried the stranger. "Will ye
just give me a hand up with this
sack?"

"The farmer promptly complied. It
was only afterward that he discov-
ered he had helped a thief to make off
with the sack of meal he had brought
to sell!"

Force of an Oil Well.

Oil has been ejected from the Batu
wells with such force and accompanied
with so much sand that steel blocks
twelve inches thick placed over the
mouth of the well to deflect the flow
were perforated in a few hours and
had to be replaced. The casing with
which the wells were lined was often
torn to shreds and eventually collaps-
ed, and hundreds of thousands of tons
of sand which accumulated in the vic-
inity necessitated the services of large
bodies of workmen.—London Mail.

A Safe Bet.

A man can never guess how big the
hats or sleeves or skirts of women
will be next season, but he stands
ready to bet that no fashion center
can make big shoes for women popu-
lar.—Atchison Globe.

A Misnomer.

It is becoming daily more dangerous
to refer to "the weaker sex" on ac-
count of the increasing doubt in the
reader's mind which sex is meant.—
London Saturday Review.

"College View" Property FOR SALE

We now offer for sale, that desirable
portion of the Harrington property
lying directly in front of the East Car-
olina Teachers' Training School,
known as College View.

This offers an exceptional oppor-
tunity for those who desire to build.
There being only a limited number,
just twelve of these lots, we will be
glad if those interested will call at
our office promptly, where a map of
this property can be seen.

Moseley Bros., Agents

OUR MARKET REPORTS.

New York Future Market

Wired by Cobb Bros. & Co., Bankers
and Brokers, Norfolk.

October	14 49	14 46
December	14 55	14 62
January	14 57	14 64

Chicago Markets

December wheat	9 1/2	98 1-4
December corn	4	49 1-2

Ribs:		
September	10 57	10 87
October Ribs	9 20	9 27

Lard:		
September	12 55	12 62
October Lard	10 50	10 55

Greenville cotton 13 5-8.

By Wire to The Reflector.

New York, Oct. 10.—Cotton opened
today unsettled and inactive, with
prices ranging from one point higher
to eleven points lower. After the call
active months sold off about 8 points
but a rally in room trading followed.
Selling was general at the start, but
offerings were all absorbed. Opening:
October 14.35; November 14.43; De-
cember 14.52; March 14.75.

New York, Oct. 10.—Practically ev-
ery standard railroad and industrial
share quoted gains of from 1-4 to 1-2
point at the opening today. Strong
tone prevailed and trading in most
issues was strong. After 15 or 20
minutes a still further gain was
made.

Chicago, Oct. 10.—Weak cables lib-
eral world shipments, etc., caused a
heavy wheat market today with
prices off 1 to 1 1-2c. Corn 1-4 to 1c
lower; oats 1-4c to 3-8c lower; pro-
visions also lower. Opening: De-
cember wheat 97 5-8; corn 49 1-8;
oats 32 5-8; pork, January, 17.35.

Low Rates to Wilson.

On account of the presentation of
"The Sins of the Fathers" in Wilson
on the night of the 12th, the Norfolk
Southern railroad will sell round trip
tickets at reduced rates. The fare
from Washington and points east of
Greenville is \$1.00, and from Green-
ville and Farmville 75 cents.

Low Rates to State Fair.

The Norfolk Southern railroad will
sell round trip tickets to the State
fair and home-coming week in Ral-
eigh at extremely low rates. Tickets
will be sold from the 15th to 22nd,
inclusive, good to return until 24th.
Tickets agents will furnish informa-
tion.

Jumps to Arkansas.

By Wire to The Reflector.
Hot Springs, Ark., Oct. 10.—Col.
Roosevelt was met by a large crowd
here today. After a short rest at the
hotel he was taken to the fair grounds
where he made a speech.

Stray Taken Up.

I have taken up one female black
pig, weight about 30 pounds, unmark-
ed. Owner can get same by paying
charges. S. L. FORDHAM.

A Rare Luxury.

Every man has ideas in his mind.
One of them, held almost universally,
is to own two pairs of suspenders at
once, so that he will not be obliged to
change these valuable supporters con-
tinually from pants to trousers. Few
achieve it, however. It is not a mat-
ter of money, for many well to do and
even rich men are tied to one pair of
suspenders through early habits of
thought and training, inertia, absent-
mindedness and the like errors. When
we see a man who owns two sets of
suspenders we say to ourselves, "There
goes a king!"—Minneapolis Journal.

Bygones.

Mrs. Lovelot—There goes my third
husband.
Mr. L.—Your third? Good heavens,
dear, how many have you had?
Mrs. L.—Oh, never mind, darling.
Let bygones be bygones.—Illustrated
Bits.

FOR BUSY SHOPPERS

Business Locals—The Re-
flector Bargain Column.

FOR RENT—TWO-STORY BRICK
Building, situated on Dickinson
avenue. Higgs Bros. dtf.

JUST RECEIVED A FRESH LOT OF
Guth's Celebrated chocolates Moye's
Pharmacy. dtf

I HAVE A BIG LINE OF RUGS—
all kinds and sizes. J. H. Boyd, jr.
10 16 1w

IN WEST GREENVILLE BEAUTI-
ful residence lots for sale on easy
terms. See Higgs Bros. 27dtf

IF YOU ARE GOING TO BUY A COAL
stove, why not get the best at J.
H. Boyd's, jr? 10 16 1w

FOR SALE—2 HEATING STOVES,
coal, in good condition. Reflector
office. dtf

FIRST OF THE SEASON—BUCK-
wheat, grits, flap jack flour oat meal
at S. M. Schultze.

ART SQUARES OF EVERY KIND AT
J. H. Boyd, jr's. 10 16 1w

FOR RENT—7-ROOM HOUSE IN
South Greenville. Electric lights
and water. Apply to F. V. Johnston.
dtf.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES—ALWAYS
fresh for your family needs at
Coward & Wooten's.

IF YOU ARE GOING TO BUY FUR-
niture or house furnishings of any de-
scription, we will save you money.
J. H. Boyd, jr. 10 16 1w

CALL NO. 300 FOR W. J. TURNAGE.
Drying and transfer. dtf

FOR SALE—250 BUSHELS OF AP-
pler and Virginia Turf seed Oats.
W. E. Nichols, R. F. D. No. 4, Green-
ville, N. C. 113

Ora friend indeed may be one
who minds his own business.

ROCKERS, THE MOST COMFORT-
able, at J. H. Boyd, jr's. 10 16 1w

DON'T MAKE AN ENEMY OF YOUR
neighbor by borrowing their tele-
phone, it wrongs them; you can get
one for the same price they pay, five
cents a day in your residence.

THAT LAST LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS
published was a nice one, wasn't
it? Let us put you on the next one?
The price is little, the benefits great.

NEW LINE OF BED ROOM SUITS
at J. H. Boyd, jr's. 10 16 1w

FOR SALE—A SMALL FARM, WITH-
in a quarter of a mile of the town
of Winterville, N. C. Land in high
state of cultivation. For particulars
address, W. J. Braxton, Greenville,
N. C. 10 12 3tw

SEE OUL LINE OF ALL WOOL
blankets—all colors. J. H. Boyd,
jr. 10 16 1w

JUST RECEIVED A FULL LINE OF
kodaks and supplies. Coward &
Wooten.

Higg's Industrial Institute.

For Training and Betterment
of the Colored Race

Second Session Begins Oct.
12th. Courses in music, Agri-
culture and Domestic Science.
Competent teachers; an excel-
lent opportunity for those who
desire to improve their condition.
Splendid railroad facilities;
healthy locality. Rates very
reasonable.

For further information ad-
dress.

Principal W. C. CHANCE,
PARMELE, N. C.